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THE VOICES OF THE WINDS.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

The North Wind's voice is loud and bold,
As he issues forth from regions cold;
He calls his servants, frost and snow,
And they hurry down to the plains below,
Scattering abroad at each silent tread
Morsels of ice instead of bread.
So cold and chill is his powerful breath,
That soon all Nature sleeps in death.

Hush! hear ye not a whisper low
'Mong flowers where the wild bees come and go?
'Tis the South Wind wooing these beauties rare,
To open to him their petals fair.
The pure white lily bangs down her head;
The sweet rose blushes a brilliant red;
And "the beauteous sisterhood," one and all,
Responds to the South Wind's gentle call.

What hollow sound is this we hear,
From shriveled lips across the mere?
'Tis the East Wind calling to the sea,
"Come, rouse thyself, and together we
Will toss the ships from side to side,
And bury them low beneath the tide."

A tearful voice comes from the West,
And dark clouds gather at its behest.
They pour their treasures on the flowers;
The drooping leaves feel the genial showers,
And murmur their thanks to the gen'rous West,
For hers is the voice which they love best.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

"There, didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Mrs. Dedham triumphantly. "Mrs. Jordan declared there had been no scandal."

"Mrs. Jordan was right," continued Mrs. Clawson. "And yet Howard was the cause of the divorcee; for he showed Mrs. Tracey some impertinence which led both husband and wife to agree to a separation. Not on account of any imprudence on her part however; but simply because it brought about a *denouement*, after long years of endurance of all those evils, small and great, that necessarily arise in the married state, when persons, not suited to each other in tastes and temperaments, have rashly entered into it. That the lawyer employed by Mr. Tracey wound up the case by marrying the fair *divorcee* ought to afford sufficient proof that there was no guilt on her part. I do not know Mrs. Mortimer; but I am going to have myself presented, and see what kind of a woman she is."

Mrs. Dedham assuming a severely virtuous expression answered, "I should think her marrying again within a few months after her divorce was obtained, shows *what kind* of a woman she is. I hope you will not introduce her to me."

"That would be a liberty I should never think of taking," he replied.

Crossing the room, Mr. Clawson joined a more attractive group, in an opposite corner; Colonel Potten and Miss Lennox being of the group.

"How did you manage to escape?" asked a pretty young blonde, making a place on the sofa beside her. "Now reward me, for this seat, by telling me the last good thing that 'the duchess' has got off. No hope of her ever equalling the 'distantly but certainly' story I hope."

"Yes, I have something better than that to tell you. You saw how I was waylaid, and how resignedly I submitted myself to the exigency. I was rewarded. 'The duchess' informed me that her ball is to come off on the thirtieth, and asked me to keep myself disengaged. I replied that I should be sure to do so, as I well knew I would meet 'all the world' in her *salons*. She smiled graciously, and with a deprecatory wave of her hand said, 'Oh no, not quite *all* the world, perhaps; but *demi-monde, demi monde*; of that you may be sure.'"

"What did the woman mean?" asked the blonde, turning to Miss Lennox, the color increasing in her cheeks; for she was one whose bloom had not been brushed off yet by her contact with those in society who delight in experimenting as to how broadly they may talk.

"That half the world would be there! It is an excellent illustration of her French; which will be the death of me yet," answered Miss Lennox; "but what was the other story, May?"—the 'distantly but certainly.'"

"Mr. Clawson will tell. I heard it from him."

"I won't vouch for the truth of it" said Mr. Clawson, "but, as the story goes, Hawkins, who had heard that Mrs. Dedham claimed connection with the Bourbon family, asked her if she was related, and she answered, 'Distantly but certainly.'"

"That accounts for her speaking French so well," said Miss Lennox laughing. "I never hear her attempts without remembering what a humorous friend of mine said in reference to the irregular verbs—that he had heard they gave a great deal of trouble, but that he never permitted them to trouble him, for he regulated them all to suit himself. Why, there is Mildred Tracey! Well, I do believe everyone I know has come to Europe. Mr. Clawson, would you object to taking me across the room to speak with her?"

"Delighted," said Mr. Clawson, offering his arm. "Will you present me to her, but do not call her Mrs. Tracey. You know she is married to Frank Mortimer."

Miss Lennox had but a few moment's conversation with Mrs. Mortimer before Mr. Clawson found an opportunity to appropriate her; and leaving Miss Lennox with Agatha and her friends, he made a promenade with the beautiful woman, delighting in the consciousness that he was attracting general observation, and that Mrs. Dedham was inwardly fuming over his having extended his protection to one whom she had already resolved to put down, so far as her influence could avail in doing so.

"Don't you think Mildred awfully changed?" asked Miss Lennox of Agatha.

"Yes, she is changed; but how lovely she looks! I have been trying to make out what it is, for without losing any of her beauty she looks far more delicate and ethereal."

"It is her expression that has changed; she has more thought—more——"

"Ah, but an expression I do not like to see on her face," interrupted Agatha. "It has suffering in it; still, whatever it is, it has so elevated and spiritualised her beauty that it is heightened, not lessened by it."

"She has come to the right place to soothe her sufferings; 'Misery loves company,' you know; and she will find many here whose disregard of the laws of *les convenances* has more than equalled her own. Your cousin, too, will find no end of opportunities to keep his hand in, which was the excuse that he once made to me for his endless flirtations."

Agatha remembered when and where he had made use of the same expression to her. She answered:

"I trust that his flirtations have come to an end now that he is a married man. No man who cares to keep his wife's affection would flirt; or, if he did, he must give his wife equal privileges, and Frank is too jealous to do that, I am sure."

"As for his flirtations having come to an end, you can see for yourself how basely you wrong him if you glance in that doudoir, where he has enticed Miss Watkins, evidently doing his best to convince her that he is another victim to her charms."

Agatha glanced in that direction, and saw enough to cause her to think she had divined the source of Mildred's suffering. "Her Oswald is true to his prototype," she thought.

Meantime Mr. Clawson and Mrs. Mortimer, having made a tour of the rooms, were seated on a divan in a wide corridor, where a constant stream of people were passing.

"Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you to-morrow evening, at Count Centori's ball?" he asked.

"We do not know him; we have only just come to Florence," she answered.

"That is he, standing in the opposite door. If you will allow me, I will present him to you."

"Not unless he asks to be presented."

"But he has been asking as plainly as eyes can for the last quarter of an hour. The moment that I leave you, I am sure he will join me, and ask to be introduced to you."

Mr. Clawson made a scarcely noticeable signal, and Count Centori crossed and was presented.

Later in the evening, when Miss Watkins was claimed by her partner for the *cotillon*, Mr. Mortimer bethought himself of looking after his wife; and finding her seated between two men, neither of whom was known to him, he made inquiries, which resulted in his hearing that Mr. Clawson was an American, best known for his fondness for notoriety; and that Count Centori was the greatest *roue* in Florence. Both men had themselves presented when he joined his wife; but his manner was such that they soon left him in undisputed possession, at liberty to take her to her carriage which he had announced was in waiting.

CHAPTER II.

MILDRED LEARNS THAT THEY WHO PLOW INIQUITY AND SOW WICKEDNESS REAP THE SAME.

"To the man who is proud and of pure lineage, it is not enough that he may know the innocence of his wife to be without soil; it is as the very breath of his life that it should be unassailable by living lip or by dead rumor, and unapproachable as the stars on high. Sooner or later the woman who learns that she has been suspected by the world, will learn that, however deep her husband's love, or however imperishable his trust, there is one galled wound in his strength by which a passing touch can force his haughtiest pride to wince." —*Ouida.*

Every one is something of a monster when looked at through a microscope. Surely the good God will have to show mercy as well as justice, if we are ever to see heaven.

—*Hulda.*

The next day, when Mildred and her husband came in from their drive in the Cascine, they found Count Centori's cards, and an invitation to his ball.

"How thoughtful of the Count, and how kind! for you know you should have called first, after the introduction. It is the custom of the country."

"I would have seen him in Tophet before I would have called," he answered. "I am not going to run after any counts, nor have any counts running after you."

Mildred's eyes flashed, but quickly recovering her temper, she said:

"How unreasonable you are! Can you not accept a civility in the same spirit in which it is offered?"

"Not from a jackanapes of an Italian, who thinks, because he has a title, that he does me an honor by making love to my wife."

"Frank, how insulting you are!"

He made no answer, but, drawing off his gloves, twisted his blonde moustache into shape, as he stood in front of a mirror.

Mildred approached him, laying one hand upon his shoulder. "I thought you would be very much pleased to get this invitation, which will enable you to see something of foreign society without such a large mixture of the American element as one finds in American houses. Why then do you make it the occasion of cruelty to me? for indeed it is cruel to show such distrust of me."

Frank Mortimer slightly moved the shoulder on which rested the lovely hand—so lovely that a sculptor had the previous evening begged permission to model it; but slight as was the movement, it was sufficient to cause Mildred to withdraw it.

"What is the matter with you, Frank? It seems to me that I cannot please you, try as I may. I did not care for this invitation for myself, for I am not strong enough to go to balls, I find. I wish you would tell me if I have displeased you in any way; but don't be so moody. You have scarcely spoken to me during our drive, and now you are absolutely unkind. What is the matter?"

"I will not have your name associated with Count Centori. We will go to the ball; but if he comes here you are never to receive him, and if he joins you on the Cascine you are to answer in monosyllables."

"I prefer not to accept any courtesy from him if I am to be uncourteous in return," she answered coldly. "Surely a man whom your cousin Agatha receives it is proper for me to receive."

"If you do not know that what Agatha can do with impunity you cannot do, you will find it out sooner or later. I told you last night that this Count Centori has the reputation of being the most unprincipled libertine in Florence, and that is saying a great deal in a place where all men are supposed to be libertines. I can assure you it was anything but agreeable for me to see you seated between such a man and another scarcely less objectionable, for Clawson is one of those humbugs who, under the pretence of upholding a woman, helps to damn her, by publishing his own version of her wrongs and the magnanimity he has shown in defending her. He is a gas-pipe—a bag of wind! I detest such men."

"You are very unreasonable, and very unjust, I think. If I have put myself in a situation to need defence, as I most certainly have, you should not blame Mr. Clawson for defending me, if indeed he has, which from a remark that he dropped accidentally I think he may have done. He was at college with Mr. Tracey, and possibly he has heard through him the particulars which neither you nor I need blush to have made known."

"It was the height of bad breeding, if not of impertinence, in the man to have alluded to the past in any way, or to have made any defence of you. I do not wish to know any more of him; and more than this, I wish you to cut him dead the very next time you meet him."

"That I cannot do," answered Mildred with dignity. "I will stay at home most willingly—bury myself if you desire it; but I will never be rude to anyone who has shown me nothing but kindness."

A bright spot glowed on either cheek, and her eyes held in them all the resolution of her tone and manner.

"There is a wise old adage that I often have occasion for remembering," said Frank Mortimer. "'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.'" As he spoke, he glanced at Mildred from the corners of his eyes, in the smouldering fire of which a very devil seemed lurking.

Every vestige of color fled from her face—even her lips became ashy pale. For a moment she covered her eyes with one hand, then, withdrawing it, she met his glance, as she said:

"Frank, I have often been made to feel that you regretted our marriage—that my love did not repay you for the annoyances it has brought upon you; but I never expected to hear you *say* that it is so. I am glad you have said it, for it gives me courage to tell you that which I have kept from you because of my wish to save you from one unnecessary pang."

She hesitated; and he, with the same lurking spirit of evil in his eyes, asked her, sneeringly:

"What have you kept from me? Have you already arranged a rendezvous with this Count?"

Before he could finish his sentence, Mildred, springing to her feet, confronted him, her eyes aflame with angry light.

"There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," she said.

"And which point, having reached, I suppose you will now cease to be virtuous," he answered, with an insolent smile at his coarse jest.

She held her hands over her ears as if to shut out his words; the color came and went; her eyes had in them the look of some poor hunted thing that, turning upon its pursuers, beseeches mutely for mercy. Still the sneer lingered on Frank Mortimer's lips, and the smouldering blaze glowered in his eyes.

Then dropping on her knees beside him, she said, seizing his hand:

"For pity's sake, Frank, tell me that you did not mean what you said: tell me that you were angry with me, that you did not know what you were saying."

He drew his hand away. "I will dine at the club to-day. I have no fondness for scenes," he answered; and, taking his hat, left the apartment.

When the door had closed, Mildred arose, walked to the pier-glass, and, looking steadily at the white reflection of herself, all the time pressing both hands tightly over her heart, she said, in a tone that would have been theatrical but for the intense feeling that was in her voice:

"How much longer? I wonder, how much longer? Oh, what a wretched mistake my whole life has been!"

Then, as a few lines of Mrs. Browning's poetry came to her mind, she repeated them aloud:

> And is it wisely done
> If we, who cannot gaze above, should walk
> The earth alone?
> If we, whose virtue is so weak, should have
> A will so strong,
> And stand blind on the rocks to choose the
> right path from the wrong?

She did not hear the low tap on the closed door, neither was she aroused by the opening of it that quickly followed.

Agatha entered alone, but stood transfixed as she saw Mildred standing before the glass, apparently talking to the reflection of herself. Her first movement to approach her attracted Mildred's attention, who, turning, threw herself into Agatha's arms, and closely held there, wept like a tired child in her embrace.

"Mildred, how dreadfully your heart beats!"

"This is nothing; it is much worse than this at times."

"But it *is* something, Mildred. You must see a physician at once. Let me send for one this moment."

Mildred shook her head. "I will tell you what I have told no one. I have seen a physician about it—two physicians—one of them the most eminent in London for heart disease, whom my own doctor at home advised me to consult. They agree in their opinion that nothing can be done for me. I may live for years, and I may die at any moment. I have not had the courage to tell my husband."

"Say rather that you have had the heroism to keep the knowledge from him; but he *must* know it, that he may guard you from all excitement. I know how bad excitements are for any heart trouble. You must not think of going to balls. We will let Frank go by himself, and I will stay with you, for they bore me more and more. We will have such pleasant evenings together."

Agatha was not one to be denied when once she had determined what she would do, and she persisted in carrying out her intentions. She it was who warned Frank of the perilous nature of the disease which sooner or later must terminate Mildred's life. At first he was thoroughly alarmed, and hastened to assure his wife that he had not spoken in earnest the wounding words that had rankled since in her heart like arrows turning in their wounds; but as the days glided by into weeks, and he saw no marked change, Mildred seeming to grow stronger, his fears became quieted, and he again entered into the gayety, which for a time he had deprived himself of.

For the greater convenience of Agatha, Mr. Lee removed his family to the hotel where his nephew had taken "an apartment." While he did not entirely approve of Agatha's immuring herself as she was now doing, he did not offer serious opposition to her course. But he made it a point that she should accompany her aunt and himself to the royal ball, and urged Mildred to accompany them. When the day came round, Agatha, finding that Mildred had no thoughts of going, refused to leave her; and after the others had left, went to her room to stay with her, as she never retired until her husband's return, no matter how late he might remain.

"What shall I read to you to night?" asked Agatha, picking up a little volume of poetry that lay near her on the table.

"I feel more in the mood for talking to night. 'Roba di Roma' has filled my mind with thoughts of Rome; and if I could borrow a pair of wings I would fly there. Frank said he would go when this ball was over, but now he wishes to wait for a dinner that will not come off for a week."

"Why will you not go with us, and let him follow at his leisure?" asked Agatha. "I cannot tell you how sad it makes me to think of leaving you here. That is why I would not go to the ball to-night, because we are so soon to be separated."

"I was sure that you stayed home on my account, although you would not admit it before. You are too good to me, Agatha."

"No, I did not stay at home on your account, but for my own pleasure, which I was selfish enough to prefer to my father's and aunt's. I stayed at home because you were not able to go, and because I would not have had one moment's happiness without you. So, you see, it was pure selfishness."

"Never call yourself selfish. You are the most unselfish person I have ever known. Think how you used to sit and write by the hour for Carroll when he was making that translation at Newport. I am sure I would not have done as much for him, although he was then my husband."

Agatha's face grew scarlet. Mildred continued:

"I have been thinking a great deal of him lately—of the fearful wrong I committed in marrying him as I did; and I have wished so much to talk to you about him, and to leave a message with you for him in case I should not live to return, as I sometimes fancy I never will. Would you deliver it to him, Agatha?"

"Certainly I would; but do not let us get the blues to-night, as we shall if we talk over such matters."

"There is no time like the present. I shall feel happier to know that he will be sure to hear some day how kindly I feel toward him, and how much I have wished that I could atone in some way for all the unhappiness I have brought him. Agatha, is it not terrible to think what life-long misery is sometimes the result of one mad act? Do you think everything in this world is just as God intended it should be?"

"Do not ask me, Mildred, dear. All my life it has perplexed me to discover where free will ends and fate begins. Some one has said that life is a school, and sin and sorrow are its teachers. I have not a doubt that all will be made clear to us in the future, but now life is a greater mystery to me than death."

"So it is to me," answered Mildred. "I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to live. Agatha, I made my second fatal step when I married your cousin. No woman situated as I was should ever marry a second time; and still worse, I was so weak as to be persuaded into marrying too soon. It is a terrible thing for a man to marry a woman who is talked about as people must talk of me—a terrible thing for a sensitive man to feel that half the world are pitying him for being taken in, and the other half despising him for it."

"Pray do not talk so, Mildred. I had no idea that this is what is preying upon you. Whoever knows anything about your divorce—and it is a very, very small part of the world that does know—knows also that your present husband was Mr. Tracey's lawyer, and his having married you proves your innocence of any such charges as those that you fancy. Now do not let such thoughts possess your mind for one moment even. Poor Mildred!" and rising and bending over her, she kissed her forehead. "Who could ever have conceived the idea that you were worrying over such fancies? Of course Frank has never suspected it, or he would soon have set your mind at rest for ever, by telling you that he cares very little for what men say, knowing you for the dear, true, loving wife that you are to him." Agatha remained standing by the lounge where Mildred was reclining.

"You are right. I have never spoken to Frank on this subject; but I will be perfectly candid with you. If I had not seen how keenly Frank feels every look and comment, I might never have realised as I do now what a curse my love has been to him. But this is not what I wished to talk to you about. Draw your chair nearer, and sit down by me, Agatha."

Agatha did as she was bidden. Still holding the volume of poetry in one hand, and placing the other on Mildred's head, she said: "I see that you are exciting yourself, and I cannot let you talk any more on these subjects. I will read you this little poem which I opened at by chance, and which was written by one who, like ourselves, has been perplexed by life's problems, but who has learned that it is good to trust to God to lead us when we have lost our way, as both you and I have, dear Mildred, at times."

So Agatha read the poem, and then, seeing tears forcing their way through Mildred's closed eyelids, she said:

"You are too weak to-night; I must not even read to you. I am going to leave you, that you may sleep and get composed before Frank returns."

Mildred did not object; but, as Agatha stooped over her to kiss her, held her fast, and whispered:

"Tell Carroll that, as long as I lived, I prayed God to make him as happy as he would have been if he had never met me, and that I feel the assurance that my prayer will be granted."

Agatha slipped down upon her knees by the side of Mildred's couch, and, passing her hand over her forehead soothingly, said:

"Mildred, have you never thought that his life may be all the happier in the end through his having known you? It is good to trust, you know, when we cannot see the way—good to trust the hand that leads us, Mildred. Do not forget that. Our Heavenly Father draws all His children home at last, no matter how far they had wandered away from Him, and perhaps, in another life, if not in this, Carroll Tracey will be happier than he ever could have been had it not been for the discipline he has had here, through your lives having been blended together for a time. The hard kernels of experience that we plant in this world must bear rich fruits somewhere; if not in time, in eternity."

"Yes, it must be so. I have never lost my faith in God's goodness, nor in His mercy. I know that he will make all that is dark to us here clear as the noonday there—all that conflicts with our ideas of Him, straight and plain. Yes, he leads us all home at last. That thought has been in my mind so constantly lately. Kiss me once more, Agatha, dear Agatha; good night."

Again and again Agatha kissed her; feeling such a reluctance to leave her alone, that after she had closed the door she opened it, but seeing Mildred lying with closed eyes, shut it softly, and went to her own chamber.

The next morning, soon after daybreak, Agatha was awakened by a rap on her door, which, before she had time to answer, was quickly followed by another and another. As soon as she could wrap her dressing-gown around her, and put her feet into her slippers, she opened the door, the knocks continuing with little intermission. Her cousin stood there, just as he had returned from the ball—even his gloves still on; but no living face was ever of a ghastlier hue than his.

"For God's sake, come and see what is the matter with Mildred! She is lying like one dead, and I cannot arouse her."

Agatha, seized with a cold shudder, and trembling in every limb, followed him.

Mildred lay on the lounge, just as Agatha had left her—too beautiful for death. She seemed as if in a sweet sleep, so heavenly was the smile that her marble-white face wore upon its lips.

"Surely, she is sleeping!" exclaimed Agatha. "So tranquilly, too; do not let us disturb her."

Still Agatha's teeth were chattering from the fear that it was the sleep of death. She kissed her on the lips. Their coldness sent a chill to her heart.

"Kiss me once more Agatha, dear Agatha; good night," were the last words that would ever fall from them upon mortal ears.

CHAPTER III.

AGATHA HAUNTED: CARROLL TRACEY IN AMERICA HEARS THAT SHE WILL SOON BE LADY DAVENPORT.

"Duty is severe, but it is the greatness of the soul. Obedience is difficult but it is the path to freedom.

Agatha had been several weeks in Rome, before she had sufficiently recovered from the shock of Mildred's sudden death to think of writing the message to Carroll Tracey which she had promised to deliver. Then she began to feel that she was neglecting a sacred duty, and yet, as often as she sat down to the task, as often did she arise without commencing it. How could she write to him again, as long as his last letter remained unanswered?

One morning, when their letters were brought in from the banker's, Agatha received one with the well-known handwriting. The joy of seeing it again sent the blood through her veins as if propelled by the strokes of a sledge-hammer. She held it a long time without breaking the seal, fancying all there might be within it, for it never occured to her that it could be other than one of those closely filled epistles he had been in the habit of writing. At last, she broke the seal, and opening it, saw within only one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, copied:

> Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
> Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
> Alone upon the threshold of my door
> Of individual life, I shall command
> The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
> Serenely in the sunshine as before,
> Without the sense of that which I forebore—
> Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
> Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
> With pulses that beat double. What I do
> And what I dream include thee, as the wine
> Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
> God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Certainly an hour had passed, and still Agatha sat as if stupefied, holding the letter in her hand, and reading the sonnet over and over as if she had not yet caught its meaning.

"That letter does not seem so long that it need to engross you so, Agatha," her aunt said at last.

"I am astounded by the coincidence," she answered, folding it, and putting it out of sight. "Do you remember, Aunt Hester, telling me how you received letters containing only quotations? It is the strangest thing that ever happened, but I have received just such a one. Did you ever know anything so remarkable?"

"Human nature is all the same in all its generations. The histories of love repeat themselves as do the histories of the nations," replied her aunt.

That same morning Agatha's letter containing Mildred's message was written and dispatched, but no allusion made to the sonnet; and then she began to count the days that must elapse before the answer could reach her. Rome seemed to her the saddest place on earth to dwell in; but it was not alone the haunting, solemn memories of its majestic past that cast such sombre shadows over the city. It was the freshness of the loss she had sustained, and the irrepressible longing for love and sympathy that filled her soul—a love that she had but to reach out her hand to receive in its fullest and richest measure. In still denying herself this love she was doing violence not only to her own heart but to the heart of another. Rome seen in such hours could not fail to be both desolate and dreary. Its bluest sky, its brightest sunshine, could not lift from her heart the weight that oppressed it. Go where she would, from the endless galleries of the treasure-stored Vatican to those of the Capitol, and the numerous palace collections—from one magnificent ruin to another—from the lovely Pincian with its inspiring view to the broad Campagna, where the Sabine and Alban mountains seemed melting into gold and purple mists—go where she would, there was no beauty of nature so exquisite, no works of art so pleasing or so grand, that Agatha could enjoy as she would have done had not thoughts of Mildred and of

one other haunted her like ghosts that refuse to be exorcised.

As they were driving along the Via Appia Vecchia one afternoon, after having visited the catacombs of St. Calixtus, Agatha said: "I remember once, as a school girl, having been terribly perplexed by a subject given me for a composition—'Dead Cities.' Had I ever visited Rome I would have known what to write. As it was, I took Herculaneum and Pompeii, and gave the ruins to my imagination."

"St. Calixtus is literally a city of the dead," remarked Aunt Hester, "and a city that I should never care to visit again. I felt all the time we were exploring one after another of its narrow streets turning down passages to the right and to the left, intersected as they are by cross passages in every direction, that nothing would ever tempt me to risk my life in another catacomb. That the guide could find his way out of it does not seem half so wonderful to me as that the crumbling old arches did not fall down and bury us all alive."

"I never thought of fear," said Agatha.

"Well, I must confess to having experienced something of the same terror that your aunt felt," said Mr. Lee. "One catacomb is quite enough for me. We will dispense with the others, I am afraid, had I lived in the times of the early Christians, I would have remained a pagan if for no other reason than on account of the superiority of their tombs. Only look at the fragments of sculpture that strew the ground on either side, and then erect in your imagination the elegant structures that these tombs which once lined the Via Appia must have been! Those that we visited yesterday, on the Via Latina too, with their exquisite bas reliefs in the interior of classical and mythological subjects, and their gems of paintings, charming female figures, fruits and flowers, what cheerful and lovely abodes for the ashes of the dead. Yes! I would have been a pagan most assuredly."

"It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die, and be buried," said Aunt Hester sententiously.

"We know very little of the beyond," said Mr. Lee.

"Enough to know that it matters not where the body is laid, after the spirit has flown," answered Aunt Hester. "Such a reproof as we have before us, for those who built such grand mausoleums for their worthless clay; their very ashes blown to the four winds of heaven."

At that moment a carriage whirled past them; its occupants a man, touching his hat as the horses dashed onwards.

"Who was that?" said Mr. Lee.

"Some one who bears a remarkable resemblance to Ormus Davenport," answered Agatha.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you that I saw in one of the English journals that he had just come into possession of some property in England, and that estates in another county with the baronetcy will fall to him, in event of the death of the present owner; so Davenport may yet be Sir Ormus."

"Ah, that is what has brought him over then, I daresay; and it must have been he. But why did he not stop to speak to us, I wonder?"

"I thought the horses seemed to be rather unmanageable," said Aunt Hester.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE CLOCK BED.—This strange piece of mechanism was the invention of an Austrian, in 1858, and was so constructed that a pressure upon it caused a soft and gentle air to be played, which continued long enough to lull to sleep the most wakeful. At the head was a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour that the sleeper wished to rise, when the time arrived the bed played a march (spontaneously) with drums and cymbals, enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

A ROYAL CONDUCTOR.—Frederick the Great of Prussia, although barely able to read a score, used to conduct the orchestral execution of important works, and, combining the functions of operatic manager with those of musical director, engaged his own artists, and when, whether from indisposition or from pure caprice, they declared themselves unable to sing, sent soldiers to arrest them and bring them by force to the theatre. The king officiated when Dr. Burney was at Berlin, just a hundred years ago, as general conductor, "standing in the pit behind the leader of the orchestra, so as to have a view of the score, and drilling his musical troops in true military fashion."

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.—The Turks attach such fateful importance to the impression produced by the first glance at a bride's face that, in order to break the shock, as it were, the lady always takes care to gum on her cheeks a number of little stars and flowers cut out of spangles. The few minutes which it requires to remove these one by one gives the bridegroom time to get his feelings under control. If the first impression be very favorable it is said that "the stars of the pair have met," if, on the contrary, there be disappointment, the bridegroom will possibly confess on the morrow to his mother, "Our stars did not meet;" but he will be sure to add, with commendable philosophy, "Kismet!" —It was written.

THE KRAKEN.—Among the many legends and traditions concerning the monsters which were supposed to inhabit the sea, is one which still prevails, to a certain extent, on the coast of Norway. According to the superstition, the Norwegian fishermen often find unexpected shallows a few miles out at sea, the depth of the water suddenly diminishing from one hundred to twenty or thirty fathoms. This decrease of the depth is due to the presence of the Kraken, a terrible sea monster, and in such shallows fish are always found in abundance. When the fishermen perceive that the water is growing shallower, they immediately beat a hasty retreat, for they know the monster is rising. His back appears first, looking like a number of small islands, and appearing to be, at the lowest computation, at least one and a half miles in circumference. His arms rise above the surface like the masts of a vessel, and are said to have the power to grasp the largest man-of-war, and pull it to the bottom. When he sinks again, he causes a swell and whirlpool which endangers all the ships in the vicinity. This story, though now admitted by the majority of the Norwegians to be fabulous, is still believed to a great extent by the dwellers along the seacoast.

London is to have a new bridge over the Thames to cost something like ten million dollars.

PASSING ON.

BY H. C. MERIVALE.

An April sun, a silver wave
That laughs and breaks upon the shore—
Such span to us Dame Fortune gave,
One week—no more!

Two barks upon the summer foam,
That meet and greet and part at sea—
One outward bound, and one for home:
Like them were we.

A flower that blossoms in a day,
And dies even there where it was born—
Such was our story, you may say
To-morrow morn.

The how, and when, that first we spoke,
I do not, and I would not, know:
Dreamlike, the untrue fancy woke,
And perished so.

Yet sometimes, in this world of ours,
The wave will drop a waif behind,
The dream will leave a thought, the flowers
A scent in mind.

So may of mine abide with you,
As ever shall of yours with me—
A word, a smile, a look or two,
A memory.

Three Times.

BY L. CROW.

It was only a very tiny dirty scrap of paper, and the ragged lad who was standing under a gas-lamp to decipher the words written upon it, was so poor a scholar that he spelled them out with difficulty.

"No—yes, that's it, number twenty something; oh! it's a three; no 'taint, it's a five; number twenty-five Dalby street, is it? Do street begin with a C? I know now, it's Crescen'? Dalby Crescen'; and that's the 'dentical place that poor mother took me to when we come up to London, before the cold and the want of vittles killed her!"

A shrill cry for "Len" made him hurriedly hide the scrap of paper, and retort with a sullen "well, what's up now? can't a feller have a minute to himself without being yelled after. I'm a-coming, ain't I?" And Len, the outcast, the homeless orphan—who was the drudge of a low lodging-house—shuffled back to the kitchen of his mistress. She was a virago, who paid his services with scraps of broken victuals, a share of a straw pallet when it could be spared, a corner of the dirty floor when it couldn't, and both hard blows and hard words.

"Len had been turning over his hoards," a dissipated vagrant facetiously suggested when he was fiercely asked where he had been skulking. "He knows as Christmas is a comin', and he's going to make us a handsome present all round."

There was a roar of laughter from his rough companions, and the virago came towards him with upraised hand. But a sturdy little apple-woman, who had been sitting in the chimney corner, suddenly interfered in the victim's behalf.

"Ye'll let the boy alone, mistress; now, won't ye? Come here, Len, and sit quiet till the sluses has come back to ye. What were ye a-doin' when she called an' called, and could get no answer out of ye?"

Len glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was listening before he replied.

"Looking over a bit o' paper I got out of the big box beneath her bed," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of Mrs. Betsy Grimsby. "When mother died there was a little bundle o' them papers under her pillow, and a chain and locket that she wore round her neck, and wouldn't part with, not even when she were too ill to work, and I cried at her knee for bread. Old Betsy has sold the chain, but I'll have the papers some day."

"Sure, then, if they're your own, why shouldn't ye?" observed the basketwoman coolly, and Len nodded and whispered again:

"I drew this one out through a crack, but the others is tied together, and she never lets the key of the box go out of her own hands."

But another shout for Len put an end to the colloquy.

It was Christmas Eve. The weather was bright, but piercingly cold; and Len, who for some days past had been conscious of strange aches and pains in all his limbs, was blue with the cold, when he dragged himself wearily to the railings in front of No. 25.

"Who lives here?" he asked of a newspaper boy, who had stopped to gaze at him.

"Lives here? Why, Capel, Esquire, the great banker. Ha'n't ye heard of him?"

Len started.

"My mother's name was Capel—Mary Capel; they put it on her coffin."

"My wigs!" exclaimed the vendor of papers, incredulously. "Then you must be one of the banker's rich relations. Why don't yer call yer carriage, and pay him a Christmas visit?"

He ran on, laughing; and Len, feeling as if his weary limbs would support him no longer, sat down on the lowest of the broad stone steps leading to Mr. Capel's door, staring vacantly the while at a well-dressed girl and boy, a few years his junior, who were coming rapidly towards him hand-in-hand.

"What are you doing here, fellow?" exclaimed the boy, angrily. "Go away directly, or I'll make you!"

"Oh, Maurice, he looks so ill—so hungry! Don't speak roughly to him," pleaded the gentler girl.

Len raised his sunken eyes to the delicately fair face of the little speaker, and gazed at it till his fixed stare frightened her.

"He's no business here!" said Maurice Capel, the banker's son. "We can't have such a disreputable beggar lurking about our door!"

"Give him something, and he'll go away," whispered Hetta.

"Papa says we should not encourage beggars," Maurice told her, with a dignified air.

"But it's Christmas time," she pleaded, "when everybody gives to everybody. Won't you? Then the poor lad shall have my sovereign that grandmama gave me. I wanted to make some one happy with it."

Bidding Len wait, the children ran into the house, Maurice returning alone with his cousin's solitary coin, for nurse had pounced upon the young lady to change her dress for dinner.

Hetta's golden gift—flung, rather than presented, to the retreating Len—was scarcely in his palm when Mr. Capel came forward, stern and unpitying.

His first angry speech was for his son. "How dare he ignore his commands and encourage such a disreputable vagabond as that?" His next for Len, whom he threatened with the police and the treadmill, bidding him begone in such menacing tones that the lad attempted to obey; staggered a few paces, and then dropped on the pavement.

"Better carry him to the work-house," suggested someone; and he was borne away by a couple of policemen, to spend his Christmas within the walls of St. Bonaventure's poor house.

And thus ended Len's first visit to the stately mansion of the Capels, No. 25 Dalby Crescent.

Years had passed by. Mr. Capel was entertaining a large party of influential friends and connections to dinner that night, in order to celebrate the advent of the New Year and the coming of age of his oldest son—handsome, winning Maurice Capel.

But where mid the throng was Hetta, the pretty child, who had given her all to outcast Len? She sat in her aunt's boudoir alone. Mrs. Capel had advised her to nurse herself for a slight cold, and Hetta had understood that the wish was a command, and she was not to appear at the banquet.

A little sadly she sat over the fire, sometimes listening to the merry voices below, sometimes dreaming of Maurice, till the entrance of a servant aroused her.

"What's to be done, Miss Hetta? Here's a young man demanding an interview with master, and refusing to go away until he has seen him. Mr. Capel would be so angry if he were called from his guests without sufficient cause, that I don't know what to do."

"Perhaps this stranger's business is important. Are you sure he said it cannot be deferred till to-morrow?"

"Quite, miss; and he speaks so resolute there's no gainsaying him. He says he must and will see Mr. Capel before he leaves the house. He isn't a gentleman, Miss; he's dressed in velveteens."

"However, let the poor man come up, Walter. I can pity and advise, if I can do no more."

The next minute, a tall, slim, but well-made young fellow stood before her—the half-starved Len of earlier days, transformed by better health and usage into a man, shrewd, self-possessed; and, despite his humble dress, capable of great things, and speaking like a man who has read much and well.

"I am Leonard Capel!" he startled her by asserting, "the only son of his brother Robert."

"But Mr. Capel has no brother living," said Hetta, as soon as she could command her voice. "The only one he had—my own dear father—was killed in an outbreak of the natives in a remote district of India some three years since."

"Pardon me, young lady; Mr. Capel once had two brothers; but I know why you are ignorant of this. The name of Robert Capel was never spoken in this house, for his relatives considered that he disgraced them when he married the governess of his sisters; and so he died unforgiven in that obscure country town to which he had retreated. His widow, after vainly struggling to support herself and her child, appealed to his family for help, and was insulted by a refusal to believe that she had ever been legally married to her dead husband. Gathering together the proofs of her union, she travelled to London slowly and on foot, to seek an interview with the father of Robert Capel, and your grandfather, and to prove to him that the assertion was a slander. But he was dead; his son ruled in his stead. One look at his stern face told her that there was nothing to be hoped for at his hands; and, after wrestling for her child's sake with poverty and sickness till wearied out, she died."

"This is a sad tale, indeed," murmured Hetta, tearfully. "And her son—why has he not told it sooner?"

"Because he was ignorant of the value of the papers in his mother's possession, and was robbed of them as soon as she was no more. But, Miss Capel, this very night I have succeeded in wresting the packet from the woman who withheld them till I could pay her as much as her greed extorted. I have those papers here (he touched his breast); "and they contain unanswerable proofs that I am the legitimate offspring of Robert Capel."

"My uncle is just. Surely he will be pleased to hear this—to acknowledge you as his kinsman!"

Hetta faltered. She felt that this was scarcely the truth, and Leonard smiled rather scornfully.

"Pleased! Forgive me if I doubt it. Have you forgotten that I am the son of his elder brother, and that by right of birth I can claim all the property he succeeded to at his father's decease?"

"Do you know what will be the consequence to my poor uncle?" she cried. "It will be ruin; yes, ruin! for his pride will not let him accept any concessions that you may offer. But worse than this—more terrible to bear—will be the disgrace that will fall upon him when the world puts, as it will do, the worst construction on his conduct."

"I am but claiming my own!" said Len, firmly. "If it is his turn to succumb and suffer, is the fault mine? Those who had no mercy on my innocent mother, but left her to perish miserably, whilst they revelled in luxury, cannot expect any from me."

"But my uncle is no longer young," pleaded Hetta. "His health is infirm. Any sudden shock will kill him; and rely upon it he did not knowingly wrong you. Oh, pity him! Spare them at least for this one night. Break the tidings of their ruin gently, and try to see in Mr. Capel not the man whom long years of affluence have made hard and worldly, but the brother of your own father. You will do this much?"

"For your sake I would do anything," Len answered fervently. "Ask what you will, it shall not be refused."

He thrust the papers back into his bosom, and took her dainty little hands in his.

"Cousin; I may call you so this once! Sweet cousin, the first time I came here you gave me all you had. I have the coin still, for I could never bear to part with it; and I have prayed a thousand times that I might be able some day to repay your goodness. Let me, then, do so this night. For your sake I renounce everything I could have claimed. I go back to obscurity, that you may be the happy wife of Maurice Capel. Kiss me once, in token that you will remember me kindly, and I will never trouble you with my presence again."

Before the troubled Hetta could ask herself whether she ought to sanction so great a sacrifice, he had touched her lips with his own, and rushed from the room.

As one door closed upon the departing Len, another flew open, and she beheld Maurice Capel and his mother.

"Deceitful, unworthy girl!" exclaimed the latter. "Was it to secretly receive a low-born lover that you stayed upstairs so willingly? Do you think, after what I have seen, that I can permit my daughters to associate with you again? You must quit this house immediately."

"No, no!" cried Hetta, imploringly. "I have done nothing wrong. You are mistaken, dear aunt—you are, indeed!"

"Must I disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes? Can you deny that I saw you clasped in the arms of a stranger?"

"But, Maurice, hear me. By my unspotted life judge me, and not by the one act of which, for your own sake, I withhold the explanation!"

But she besought him in vain. He shook her off with such cruel, such unmanly taunts, that Hetta shrank from him, wondering how she could have wasted the rich treasure of her affection on one so selfish, so unjust.

She turned to her aunt. Would she not be more merciful in her judgment?

No. Mrs. Capel had eagerly grasped at such a chance of ridding herself of the niece who was no longer a good match for her son; and within an hour after Leonard quitted the house, Hetta was expelled from it, to begin the New Year in the home of the humble friend to whom she hastened—an old servant, who could not be induced to believe that the girl she had nursed and known from her infancy deserved the cruel stigma cast upon her.

There was to be a juvenile ball at 25 Dalby Crescent—a Twelfth Night ball—and the tiny king of the festival was to be the baby son of Maurice Capel. He had married the woman of his mother's choice soon after Hetta was driven from the house.

The Misses Capel had ordered new dresses of their own fancying from a fashionable modiste, and it was their whim that their skirts should be trimmed with scarlet flowers of the most expensive description, and more than once a tear fell upon them from the eyes of the girl arranging them, as she sat in the poorly-furnished sitting-room of her faithful friend—for she had heard who they were for, and Hetta still loved the cousins who had discarded her.

"Have ye nearly done, Miss Hetta, darling?" asked old Nanny, who was sitting with her bonnet and shawl on ready to take home the work as soon as it was completed.

The girl answered by handing the garnitures to her friend, but before they were bundled up footsteps were heard coming up the stairs.

"It's never the landlord for the rent," sighed Nanny; "and we not ready for him."

Silently, Hetta slipped her hand into the woman's, and they stood together, listening, till the steps paused at their door. It opened. Mr. and Mrs. Capel appeared, and with a joyous cry, their niece bounded towards them.

But they waved her back with stern, cold looks, and stepped aside to make room for a gray-haired stranger.

Wonder of wonders! It was the father she had long mourned as dead! He had been saved by an Indian Begum, who had not only nursed him back to health, but given him a high post in her own court, reluctantly consenting at last to his returning to his native land, where he had arrived enriched by her costly presents.

"My child," he said mournfully, as Hetta flew to him, "my joy at beholding you once more is marred by the tidings that you have disgraced yourself. Can this be true?"

At that instant there was a tap at the door, and Leonard—now tall, robust, all traces of his early trials effaced; a man, in fact, whom they might ignore, but could not despise—came in.

The sight of Hetta's relations surprised, but it did not abash him, and when Mrs. Capel tauntingly told him why he had been lured there, his eyes flashed as proudly as her own.

"Sweet cousin," he said, respectfully taking the hand of Hetta, "I can be silent no longer. While I was ignorant of your reasons for leaving your uncle's house, I kept my promise; but, now, those who have dared to doubt you must know all."

"Dared!" echoed Mr. Capel, angrily. "Dared, did you say—and to me!"

"Yes, sir!" answered Len, confronting him undauntedly. "Your looks ask who I am. Let me then, tell you what you would have learned long since but for the entreaties of your niece; I am the lawfully born son of your elder brother!"

"Impossible!" murmured Mr. Capel, growing very pale, however: and Hetta's father repeated the word.

Leonard smiled; and that smile of conscious power carried conviction to his dismayed kinsmen.

"An angel pleaded with me when I would have claimed my inheritance—and, for her sake, I vowed to let you and yours retain it. But I little thought that you would requite her as you have done!" he added, indignantly; "and if she bids me revenge her, I am ready."

"No," said Hetta, softly. "I prefer to forget everything but the days when my uncle and aunt treated me as if I were their own child."

"I thought this would be your decision," Leonard said, "and I am content."

"Give me your hand, Leonard!" exclaimed Hetta's father. "You are the image of your father; God grant that you may possess all his virtues and avoid his mistakes. And, brother," he added, addressing Mr. Maurice Capel, "the justice refused to the dead must be done to their son. Leonard must take his rightful place in the house of Capel. I am wealthy enough to promise that neither you nor yours shall suffer by this concession."

So Len—no longer the outcast, but flattered, honored, looked up to—now for the third time ascended those steps on which he had once sat sick and shivering; ascended them with his bride, Hetta, upon his arm—for the wedding breakfast was given in sumptuous style at No. 25 Dalby Crescent; and every one looked satisfied but Maurice Capel. His rich wife had turned out a shrew, whose fortune, after all, was smaller than he would have had with Hetta, who, as she leaned on the arm of her smiling bridegroom, was pronounced by all the fairest, even as she was the happiest, bride of the season.

The bug that kills the potato bug is thus described: "In size and color it somewhat resembles the common ladybug, but is armed with a sword or needle about a sixteenth of an inch in length, which protrudes from the head upward. It is with this weapon that the enemy is stabbed in the back with lightning-like rapidity, and but a few seconds are taken in ending the career of one of the bugs." The common hornet, also, is said to be an enemy of the potato gourmand.

An Australian clergyman solved the money question and doubled the business prosperity of his church in one year. He was disgusted with the number of three penny pieces he found in the plate every Sunday, and instead of paying the small silver coins into the bank, he locked them up in his desk. After some $4 0 of small coin had been thus withdrawn from circulation, sixpences and shillings took their places in the plate, and the collections more than doubled in value.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

The fitful sound of music and the hum of gay young voices floated out of the open window of Eaton Villa.

A slight girlish form parted the sweeping curtains, and flitted out into the broad verandah. A smile lit up her fair cheek. A face of manly mould, with earnest black eyes, graced by heavy curling whiskers and neatly trimmed moustache, glanced out at the graceful little figure, and, with a loving look on his handsome countenance, joined her.

"How now, dear Maud," he exclaimed; "are you wearied with the gay chattering of the lively group within?"

"No, Guy; but I like to steal away and indulge in my own thoughts sometimes."

"Castle-building, eh? I hope you give me a prominent position in your airy dwelling," he said, smiling.

She gave a happy little laugh.

"Never fear, sir, but what you will get all you deserve."

"And more, dear," he answered, "if fate reserves for me this dear hand."

"Maud! Maud! where are you?" shouted a ringing, merry voice. "Oh, there you are; and according to the fitness of things, your shadow beside you. Come in here, both of you, if you can condescend to the realities of this mundane sphere, and give us the benefit of your sage counsel."

And the laughing, piquant face of Maggie Eaton, Maud's younger sister, disappeared behind the curtains.

Passing into the room, Maud and her companion, Guy Halifax, were saluted with a host of queries and exclamations.

"Oh, don't consent to such a scheme," said timid May Lee, in a pleading voice.

"Oh, yes, do, Maud. Guy will, I know. It will be gay sport to chase spectres at midnight," chimed in the spirited voice of Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie, how can you jest so?" said Fanny Gamble. "If you found yourself in the presence of a real ghost, you would run away from it, instead of after it."

"What is it all about?" asked Guy Halifax, gazing in astonishment at the excited group before him.

"Why, just this," answered Robert Norman, constituting himself spokesman for the party; "we were discussing ghosts and kindred subjects, when that madcap, Maggie,"—casting an admiring glance at her saucy face,—"rehearsed for our benefit the story of the Leslie haunted house, and concluded with the audacious proposal that the entire party should spend the night there, and engage in the exciting pastime of chasing spirits."

Guy laughed, and said, "Well, in my opinion, she would have a long watch and no game."

"That's my opinion, too," said Robert; "but some of the ladies are frightened at the idea, and disavow all desire to try the experiment."

"Shame on them," said Maggie, "for showing the white feather. But I'm determined to go, if I go alone."

"Oh, dreadful—shocking!" chorused a half-dozen female voices.

"What do you say, Maud?" asked Maggie, nothing daunted. "You're not afraid, I know, for you were always a brave girl."

"No, indeed; I am no believer in ghosts or haunted houses; and yet I think it a foolish tax upon the nerves to stay in that gloomy tumble-down house all night."

"Nerves! Pshaw I haven't any such troublesome things about me, and if you are all such great cowards, why, I'll go alone."

"If you are determined to go, Maggie, why, I will accompany you," said Robert Norman, who was her accepted lover, "and see that the ghosts do not spirit you away."

Here followed an animated discussion upon the propriety safety of the scheme; but Maggie persisting in her determination, they all finally agreed to the proposed visit.

The Leslie mansion was not far from Eaton Villa. The evening was very bright and cloudless, and the gay party started off about nine o'clock with laugh and jest, to walk to its haunted precincts.

They went blithely on, and soon stood before the deserted dwelling. The gaping windows with their broken panes, seemed blacked by a thick, impenetrable darkness. The quick rush of frightened birds, and the hooting of a disturbed owl, fell ominous on their ears. The light jest and gay song died away, and all felt oppressed with a nameless fear.

The great door, as it yielded to their touch, creaked dismally upon its rusty hinges; and the firm tread of Guy, who had volunteered to precede them and strike a light, resounded hollow through the dismantled hall.

The familiar sputter of a match, and the faint glimmer of a candle, however, restored their faltering courage. Soon a cheery fire of blazing logs crackled defiantly in the chimney; and under the influence of light and heat; their gaiety soon returned.

The moments flew merrily on, for they had brought with them a couple of well filled hampers, and no ghost was seen, or heard. But finally weary eyes, in spite of the peace, grew dull, and sleepily closed.

Guy Halifax glanced round him with a smile. The curly head of the intrepid Maggie rested on the shoulder of Robert Normas, where he had placed it, apprehensive of the speedy dislocation of her neck from her violent nods, as she wholly succumbed to her weariness. The other ladies were on the lounges in somnolent attitudes, while the gentlemen reclined on chairs.

Maud, sweet Maud, his gaze lingered lovingly on her dear face. She reclined in the cumbersome armchair opposite him. A sweet picture she made, the flickering shadows from the ruddy firelight stealing over her. Guy's heart throbbed with excess of love as he gazed.

But gradually the silence grew irksome, almost insupportable. Extremely weary, his eyelids heavy with sleep, the time dragged heavily along. Soon, with his head resting upon his hand, he was dreamily meditating.

A slight noise aroused him from his reverie. Raising his eyes, he beheld, to his dismay, a phantom crowd glide in from the unopened door. They were all skeletons, and their fleshless jaws grinned sardonically, and an intense unearthly light shone from their empty eye-sockets.

Finally, one more hideous-looking than any of the rest, glided menacingly towards him, his fleshless bones chattering as he approached.

Palsied with horror, Guy remained motionless. Not until he felt its cold, deathly grip around his throat did he rouse from his lethargy. Shaking off the grinning horror with a desperate effort, he drew a pistol, and discharged it at his grisly foe.

The sharp report rang echoing through the house. Every one started to their feet; the ladies in abject terror, and the men in wondering consternation.

Guy glanced bewildered about him. The phantoms had fled, but—oh! horror! —Maud Eaton, his dear betrothed, lay weltering in her life's blood.

He had shot her in a hideous dream, and, paralyzed with horror and remorse, he sank insensible to the floor.

It seemed alas a fearful dream!—so young, so full of hope. Oh! cruel fate, couldst thou not have stolen the sweet young life in a less fearful way!—but to fall by the hand of the one she loved so well, aye, one who would have given his own heart's blood to have spared her one fleeting pang of sorrow!

When Guy arose from his bed, a shattered, broken-hearted man, the wintry snows were heaped high above Maud's dreamless bed. A few years of restless wandering; his hair blanched, and his face wrinkled with bitter grief and gnawing remorse; a lone journey to the grave of his murdered betrothed, a gasping cry for forgiveness, and the worn and weary victim of a cruel fate was stretched cold and lifeless on the damp sod.

News of Interest

Boston often ships several tons of eels a day.

Trade dollars are at a discount in the West.

Goldfish were introduced into England in 1691.

The first Atlantic cable was laid August 12, 1857.

A new style of fan is in the shape of a riding whip.

Rainbow glass vases and flowerstands are novelties.

The Sultan encourages tailors by buying 365 suits a year.

America takes the prizes for paper at the Paris Exhibition.

The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left.

The largest bell in use is at Moscow, and weighs 443,772 pounds.

"The Sweet Bye-and-Bye" has been translated into Chinese.

Sunday driving is not considered stylish at fashionable Newport.

A medical paper says it is as important to suppress dirt as crime.

The Empress of Austria is only 33, and yet she is a grandmother.

Sparrows will tear up doormats in looking up building materials.

It is said that not one British sailor in three knows how to swim.

Official advices report 7,000,000 people starved to death in China.

A young lawyer of Pittsburg has invented a water velocipede.

The sugar crop in the United States will fall short 30 per cent this year.

Fireworks and fire signals were in use in Japan and China centuries ago.

Opium and famine prevent a very rapid increase of the population of China.

The last wild wolf on record in England was killed in the reign of Charles II.

The Fall of the year is considered the best time to have outside painting done.

During the recent bull fighting season at Madrid, 90 bulls and 145 horses were killed.

The salary of the Mayor of Denison, Texas, has been reduced from $50 to $1 per month.

Reading, Pa., has a sewing machine agents' war. Let it rage until the last armed foe expires.

Ex-Gov. Ames, of Mississippi, Ben Butler's son-in-law, is selling butter and cheese in New York.

The migratory quails of Western Vermont are proving indefatigable destroyers of the potato bug.

American horse cars are the lightest and strongest in the world, and are bought by several countries.

Russia has not ceased naval preparations—her fleet is constantly increased by the purchase of vessels.

A lady in Huntington, Pa., has discovered that aqua ammonia is an almost instantaneous cure for scalds.

Mail advices from China announce the opening of the first postal system in the Chinese Empire on June 1 last.

Good strong blown glass tumblers are delivered in England from American glass works at 15 cents per dozen.

Queen Isabella's jewels have been sold for $730,000, and she kept a few of the neatest bits to show off with now and then.

Recent investigations show that more money is paid for beer in almost every large city in this country than for bread.

General Garibaldi has written a letter denouncing Austria and Germany, and approving Socialism or Communism.

The potato bug was first introduced into England from this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, in the time of Elizabeth, 1588.

It is said that the Rev. Canon Bagot, the celebrated English agriculturist, proposes to do his harvesting this year with the electric light.

In Paris those children in the public schools who have won distinction during the year are taken to the seaside at the public expense.

Bananas are a drug in some of the Eastern markets, owing to a popular belief that they are somehow liable to superinduce yellow fever.

The remains of pigmy elephants three feet high, with tusks a foot long, have been found in the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean Sea.

The famous Viennese surgeon, Baron Rokitansky, whose death was recently announced, is declared by local papers to have dissected 30,000 corpses.

Hereafter at the St. Louis morgue, the bodies are to be placed in caskets, into which air will be forced at such a temperature that the corpses will be frozen.

It is publicly given out, as the result of more than thirty years experience and observation in the hospitals of Philadelphia, that yellow fever is not contagious.

They begin young on the Pacific coast. At San Francisco, on Monday, Adeline Gray, aged 13, was shot and fatally wounded by a rejected suitor, William Baker, aged 25.

An Irish belle has surprised London, Eng., with a dress composed of 39 of the blue and white silk handkerchiefs so fashionable at present, with a parasol and a hat to match the dress.

Glittering Jewels and Magnificent Dresses

cannot compensate for the absence of a fine complexion. Fine feathers do not make fine birds in such a case. A smooth, radiant skin renders its owner attractive without the aid of a splendid toilette. In order to obtain this supreme talisman of loveliness, it is only necessary to use LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which speedily removes roughness of the cuticle, and suffuses it with a pure and delicate lustre. It is, moreover, perfectly harmless.

WITHIN.

BY ALICE L. MCAULEY.

Down deep within the inmost heart
Some cherished secret lies,
With jealous care forever hid
From heartless, cruel eyes.

A proud disguise is worn to hide
The pain which none must know,
Though we may faint beneath the load
Which covers up our woe.

A wound, perchance, of long ago,
Which, healing, left a sting
That laughs to scorn the balm that time
So oft is wont to bring.

Perhaps ambition rankles there,
From which all hope has fled;
Perhaps some living grave contains
The love whose life is dead.

Then softly, sadly steal away
From worldly joys and fears,
And let thy pent-up grief give way
In sweet relieving tears.

Then humbly, gently bend the knee,
And lift the voice to Him
Who can alone remove the mask
And see the heart within:

Who can alone the burden lift
From off the weary heart,
And teach the restless soul to bear
Its purer, nobler part.

ERCELDEAN:

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Autumn with its richly-tinted foliage, its wonders of late-blooming flowers, its warm days and beautiful twilights, had passed—winter, cold, sharp, and piercing, was come almost unawares.

Lady Ailsa drooped and faded. Winter amidst the warmth, the luxury and magnificence of Erceldean had been pleasant: the snow and the frost, the cold, keen winds, the bracing air, had all no terrors there. In the solitude of Strathnarn the season was terrible to bear. She did not suffer actual privations—the Duke of Heathland was careful about that. Hampers of wine, of game, of choice fruit, found their way continually to Strathnarn Grange—indeed the carriers from Erscdale thought business was increasing wonderfully. These hampers came without letters or the name of sender; it was quite useless for Lady Lennox to say that she would not receive them—she did not know who had sent them. The weather was so bitterly cold that for days together the poor lady could not venture from the house. Beatrix was greatly touched by her mother's patience; Lady Ailsa never blamed her—never uttered an impatient word—never said, "See, Trixie,—this is all your fault." She was gentle and affectionate. When she seemed to suffer more than usual, Beatrix would kiss the pale, resigned face and murmur words of hope. She would reply:

"You had a right to study the happi of your life, my dear; you have done no wrong. You must not apologise to me. I would willingly have lost the whole world for your father's sake."

* * * * *

One day, when the world lay white and cold in its snow-covering, a letter came from America for Peter Lennox—a letter that seemed to drive him almost mad. As he read it the sternness of his face seemed to break up and die away in a gleam of light—wonder, surprise, joy, incredulity, one after the other appeared to possess him.

"I cannot believe it," he cried; "I cannot credit it. Dear Heaven, if the lost years could but be given back to me—if I could but have my life over again!"

He read and re-read the letter, and then he laid it down on the table and clasped his hands—his dim eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered.

"It is so late—so late," he sobbed; "but I thank Heaven for it, living or dead!"

He could not calm himself. He went out into the frost bound woods, still carrying the letter with him, and re-read it. He returned home again and sat by the fire in his library, and then read the letter once more. And when he went to rest at night he turned up the lamp that he might see to read the missive again.

He had seemed strange and half-bewildered before, he was still stranger now. The servants in the house declared that he did not know what he was doing. He had answered the letter at once; and before long another came—but he rose from the perusal of that with a blank white face, for it said that the trace of that which he was seeking was quite lost after a certain date, and the detective sent out to make inquiries did not think it was worth while remaining any longer. As he read that Peter Lennox's face suddenly seemed to grow older, a gray haggard look came into it, and he knelt down and buried it in his hands.

"I am a miserable man," he said, "and my sin has found me out. I am justly punished."

After that he grew despondent. He sent for his lawyer, and they had long conferences together; but nothing came of them, and Peter Lennox grew more miserable every day.

In the meantime Beltran Carew had won his law-suit, and his fame was established. A few months more of patient waiting, he wrote to Beatrix, and he should be able to provide the home that he had longed for—only a few more months. Beatrix read the letter to her mother, whose pale face brightened as she listened.

"I am very much pleased for your sake, Trixie," she said. "It seemed cruel to think that with all your beauty and grace the best years of your life should be spent in the solitude of Strathnarn."

But Beatrix looked anxiously at her mother, feeling a certain conviction that she would not live through another winter in the desolate Grange.

Christmas and the opening of the new year passed, February came in mild and bright, bringing with it an odor of sweet violets and a gleam of snow-drops; but its beauty was all lost upon Peter Lennox. He must have suffered greatly, for he had grown thin and paler. He was not like the man who during the year preceding had been the proud head of one of the finest establishments in London.

Mrs. Carew had been away during the winter months. She had returned in the spring, for which season she had a peculiar liking. Others might rave about the glory of summer, or the majesty of autumn; she loved the pale delicate loveliness of spring. She would never pass the spring months out of England. She had returned to her pretty villa at Kew, and to the large old-fashioned garden which had been her great attraction. The snow-drops, with their white modest heads, the nuns of the garden; the daffodils, the peat's flowers; the crocuses, yellow, purple, and white; the old-fashioned gilly-flowers, the fragrant violets, were all in their full beauty; the lilacs were beginning to bud, and the laburnums would soon be shining in yellow luxuriance. It was a fair spring; everything promised well.

But Mrs. Carew did not seem to enjoy the season as she usually did. There were whole days when she paced up and down the broad garden paths, thinking deeply, as one who had a problem to solve. She had lost somewhat of her bright expression. It was plain that there was a struggle going on in her mind.

"I used to think," she said to herself one morning, "that human life was a jest. It seems to me that in what has passed of mine I have had the roses, and now must prepare for the thorns."

Her son Beltran came down to spend his Sunday with her. The bright, graceful artist, the changeful, lovable, vivacious woman, the sensitive, gifted genius, loved her son better than the whole world. She was proud of him. She gloried in his bright, strong manhood. She gloried in his talents and his goodness.

He looked pale and wan. He had the air of one who had worked hard not only during the day, but far into the night, when he should have slept. His mother taxed him with it, and he told the truth. For some time he had worked nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four

"Why not pay for assistance, and save yourself?" his mother asked.

"Because I want every shilling, mother, that I can earn," he replied. "I have not one to spare."

Her bright, changeful face clouded.

"Why do you want money so, Beltran?" she asked.

"To marry, mother," he answered. "I want a pretty home for my darling. She does not hurry me about it—she would be willing to wait for years; but I am anxious about her."

"Why?" she asked again. "Do you doubt her?"

"Doubt her, my dearest mother!" he cried. "I would just as soon doubt Heaven! There are few so loyal or true as she. It is not that; Lady Ailsa is not strong, you know, and Beatrix tells me how she suffers at Strathnarn. I want to fetch them both away, and I cannot until I have a home for them."

"Does that cross, stern man still hold out then?" asked Mrs. Carew. "Does he show no signs of relenting?"

"No, and never will. We do not speak about him. His money and his lands are forgotten. We never think of him when we make our plans. Only one thing troubles us, mother. Beatrix has shown such truth and fidelity; for love of me she declined to be Duchess of Heathland; for love of me she has lost one of the largest fortunes in England. No man living cares less for money than I do; but I wish—how I wish!—that I had a fortune for her sake. Work as I will, it must be many years before my income will be more than moderate. Oh, mother, if I had but a reasonable rent-roll, I should be the happiest man in the world!"

"But you tell me always that Beatrix does not care for wealth," observed Mrs. Carew.

"Nor does she mother. At the same time I wish with all my heart that I had it to give her. Of course it can never be. But I should have liked to go to her and say, 'You gave up everything for me, my darling—now it is in my power to repay you.'"

"Would that make you very happy?" she asked musingly.

"Yes, very happy," he replied. "You see, mother, I have, after all, a galling sense of inferiority. The love of other men brings to the women they worship honor and wealth, comfort and luxury. My love has brought ruin to Beatrix. Instead of raising her social position, I have lowered it; and that is galling. I am willing to work; for my own sake, I care very little about wealth—but for her I would that I had it. If I had money, I do not think any one in the wide world would be so happy."

"You have never spoken to me in this way before, Beltran," said his mother.

He kissed her hand.

"I ought to be ashamed to talk in such a strain now, but I have thought so much of this matter lately. I picture Beatrix, who has been queen of the season, living in a simple little home of my providing, and I shrink from the vision. I should have liked to crown her, to take her home to a palace, to treat her like a queen, to lavish jewels and gold upon her—I should have liked to give her even a thousand times more than she, for my sake, has lost. You understand me, mother!"

"Yes, she replied, "I understand you. I will think the matter over, Beltran."

"What good will thinking do, mother?" he asked. "Rather forget it and do not mind my troubles."

"You would really be the happiest man in the world if you had wealth, Beltran?" she interrogated.

"Yes, I should indeed. But, mother, do not think that I am complaining. The man who makes a fortune is greater than the man who inherits one. I must work hard, study hard, and save my money."

She looked at him wistfully.

"You must not work by night and by day," she said—"that will not do. Beltran, if I could give you wealth and did not, you would consider me very cruel, I suppose?"

"I should indeed," he laughed. "But, as that is not the case, I consider you very kind."

And Mrs. Carew turned away when she heard the words.

CHAPTER XLV.

A week had passed since Mrs. Carew had first felt anxious about her son, and time had proved that her anxiety was not without cause. Beltran had been compelled to come home for a few days. He had over-worked himself; and the doctor whom his anxious mother called in assured her that he had given up only just in time—that, if he had gone on working in the same way for a few days longer, the result would have been brain-fever.

Mrs. Carew was alarmed. She spoke to Beltran, and wanted to make him promise that he would work less. He laughed, and answered that he would give no such promise—that, if he could work more, he would.

"It is all very well, mother," he added, "but what will become of my darling if I do not work? I shall have to work all my life long, and work hard too, for I am determined that Beatrix shall not want for anything which others have. She shall have a carriage, horses, everything that she likes and admires. All that will require money, and money will come only as I work for it."

Mrs. Carew had many long fits of musing after that conversation. She saw that her son loved his beautiful *fiancee* so dearly that he would wear his life away in trying to surround her with luxuries. She thought of it by day and by night. Her picture stood untouched on the easel; her work was at a standstill; her whole time was spent in thinking. The result was a note addressed to her son. It ran;

"My dear Beltran,—I must go to Strathnarn; and it will save trouble if you can go with me. Make arrangements for the journey, and let me see you this evening."

The astonishment of Beltran Carew when he read his mother's note was equalled only by his surprise at what he heard when he reached Strathnarn. He went at once to his mother, and his first question was:

"Why are you going to Strathnarn, mother? What can you possibly want there!"

"My dear Beltran, I have a story to tell; and, as I do not care to tell it twice over, you shall hear it there."

Nor could he win one word more from her.

They started the next day, and during the whole journey he thought his mother strangely unlike herself. She laughed and cried. She was in the wildest of spirits, and then was filled with sudden gloom. In the same breath she described herself as happy and miserable. Volatile and capricious as her son had always known her to be, he had never seen her like this. At one time she seemed inclined to take him into her confidence, and then quite suddenly she became reserved and silent. She puzzled him.

"My dear mother," he said, I cannot follow your moods—they bewilder me."

Then she became tender and considerate.

"My dear Beltran, I am not surprised at it," she replied. "I am a puzzle to myself. Why I change and vary so much I cannot say—it is my nature to do so, I suppose. I am constant to one through it all, however, and this is my love for you."

He knew it; he knew also that it would be useless for him to spend his time in thinking what he could say to win her secret from her; amidst all her variableness it was astonishing to him to find how firm she could be.

They reached Strathnarn in the dull twilight of a dull spring day. Mrs. Carew looked around with sympathising eyes.

"How terribly dull it is here!" she said. "Is it possible that Miss Lennox has been shut up in this place. Why, Beltran, it is a ruin, not a house!"

Then her artistic taste was delighted with the old stone gateway.

"I must sketch that to-morrow," she said; "it wants a tender light, and the dark flowers brought out in full relief; it would make a superb picture."

She was also charmed with the old fountain—it looked so picturesque—and the small windows with the queer lattice-panes.

"My dearest mother, if you stop in this fashion to admire every detail of the exterior of Strathnarn, we shall never see the interior. May I ask if you wrote to inform Lady Ailsa of our visit?"

"No, my dear, I like dramatic surprises. To tell you the truth, I want to see Miss Lennox just as she is, without any preparation."

Margaret Macpherson opened the door, and looked up in surprise on seeing Mr. Carew and a lady.

"Right glad I am to see you, sir," said the old servant, "for the ladies are but dull; they do not expect you though, and Lady Lennox is ailing. I will fetch Miss Lennox, for my lady must not be taken by surprise."

"That will be best," remarked Mrs. Carew; and in another minute Beatrix, looking lovelier than ever, stood before them.

She uttered no cry, but her face grew deadly pale when she saw Beltran and his mother. He kissed the pale face until the color returned in a burning flush; and then Mrs. Carew kissed her. Beatrix looked from one to the other.

"There is nothing wrong, I know," she said, "or you would not laugh; but why come to this miserable place, where no one can be properly received?"

"We are here," replied Mrs. Carew, "because I have a story to tell you."

"A story" repeated Beatrix wonderingly.

"Yes, a story—one that you do not dream of or suspect—a story that concerns both you and Beltran, though it is but another record of the instability of women and the stupidity of men."

"Beltran is not stupid," laughed Beatrix; "you may say what you like about other men, but you must make him the exception."

"Of course," said Mrs. Carew. "And now, Beatrix, if your mother is weak and unwell, will you prepare her to see us? We shall not remain long; so do not distress yourself by thinking of our entertainment. I have ordered the carriage to return in three hours; then we depart."

Beatrix attempted some faint remonstrances—Mrs. Carew overruled her.

"You will obey me, I am sure, when you are my daughter," she said; "oblige me by beginning your obedience now."

There was an air of natural command about Mrs. Carew which no one ever thought of resisting. Beatrix went to prepare her mother to receive their visitors. Lady Ailsa clung to her daughter's hand.

"Is there anything wrong, Trixie?" she asked. "It seems so strange, my dear. Can your uncle be ill, do you think?"

"I do not think so, mamma. I feel that there is some good fortune in store for us. Mrs. Carew looked as though there was."

Lady Ailsa shook her head gravely.

"Alas, my dear child," she said, "there can be no good fortune for us! Fortune raps only once at people's doors; when refused admittance, there comes no second knock."

"You consider then, mamma, that we have refused her admission?" questioned Beatrix gaily. "How could she be anything except gay when Beltran was near!"

"You have refused her," said Lady Ailsa; "and mind, Trixie, you have a perfect right to refuse her if you like. I can imagine any one being quite willing to make a sacrifice for Mr. Carew—he is so like your father, my dear child."

Then Mrs. Carew entered the room. She went up briskly to Lady Ailsa and kissed her as she lay on the couch.

"Do not disturb yourself, dear Lady Ailsa," she said. "I am come only to recite a short history to you, and when I have done so I shall go away. Pray do not move. I will sit here by your side. Beltran, my dear, I should feel easier if your hand were in mine."

He went at once to his mother's side and took her hand; then, while all three looked at her in silence, her face changed slightly, the color varied. She looked half shyly, half boldly at them as she began:

"I was never quite like other woman, dear Lady Ailsa; I lacked their prudence and their calculating wisdom. I have greater failings, but, I think, also greater virtues and greater genius. Few perhaps would speak so frankly. I do not want to talk of my character, but to tell my story; yet it seems to me that I am in some measure bound to describe myself, because, if you judge me by ordinary standards—if you look upon me as you would upon other women—you will never understand me, and there will be a terrible misconception. My name—you see I am beginning at the beginning—was Grace Carew;" and Beatrix, looking at her lover, wondered why his face flushed and his lips quivered with sharpest pain.

Lady Ailsa raised her head and listened with a great show of attention. Mrs. Carew smiled, and nodded at her son.

"I know what you are thinking of, Beltran," she said. "You must listen patiently. My father was not an artist," she continued, "nor can I tell you whence I have my love of color; my passion for art certainly came not from him. He was a doctor, but a ne'er-do-well. I cannot remember that he ever remained in one town or city more than two years. He was very clever—wonderfully clever—but he was anything but steady. He would write a treatise that would set the faculty at loggerheads, and then foolishly spend the proceeds. You must understand that this erratic life of his did not in the least interfere with my education. I was kept at a fashionable school in New York until I reached my sixteenth year, and then my father sent me a letter asking me if I would like to go to Peru with him. Nothing could have pleased me better; anything would have been preferable to remaining at school. I gladly consented. We went to Peru together, and there I met my fate."

"I wish for my own sake," continued Mrs. Carew, "that I had a picturesque love-story to tell you. Unfortunately mine was a most commonplace wooing. We did not take a house at Lima—the city in Peru where my father hoped to do so well—but we lived at a large hotel there; and there also lived an Englishman, a young man, stern and cold, but reputed to be rich. At that time I was very enthusiastic about art. I used to live in a dream of color—a delicate blue, or a bright emerald, or a soft rose-tint was something more precious than jewels. I began to evince also a decided talent for sketching faces—a marrellous facility for reproducing on paper features that I had once seen. My father was delighted about it, and said that if I could have lessons from a good master I should make plenty of money afterwards. He had no money to pay the master, but the stern, silent young Englishman offered it to him as a loan—only as a loan—to be repaid when I had finished my course of lessons.

"I do not want to trouble you with a lot of details; but my father was pleased that I should be able to earn money. He was grateful to the young Englishman, and asked him to dine with us; and when the first reserve was broken down my father and his young benefactor became great friends. There was a vast difference between them. My father was one of the gayest, brightest, most reckless of human beings. He never took care for the morrow; he drove dull care away with such persistent zeal that no one ever saw him dull or grave. His character had a wonderful charm for the young Englishman. After a time he was quite at home with us; he liked to spend his evenings in our rooms; he talked a great deal to me, and I was so young, so blithe of spirit, so happy in my art, that I talked gaily enough to him.

"I never thought seriously about him; he did not attract me in any way; he held no real place in my life or thoughts—and suddenly he asked me to marry him. I was so utterly indifferent—I had not thought about love or marriage; both were remote possibilities, but my art was always present. My only answer to him was that I had no time to think of getting married, and that even if I had I should not like surrendering my maidenly freedom. He must have gone to my father at once, for presently he sent for me and said that he had been informed of the offer made to me, and that he thought I should do well to accept it. He laughed when I told him that I had no wish to marry; he laughed again when I declared that the cold, reserved, grave, stern Englishman was the last person upon earth whom I should care to marry.

"'Never mind that, Grace,' he said; 'I should marry him if I were you. He has plenty of money; and, after all, there is something very pleasant in the thought of having a settled home. I should marry him, child, if I were you.'"

Mrs. Carew paused for a few minutes, and an expression of sadness came over the bright, changing face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Savoyard.

A True story of Street Life in Paris.

It was the twelfth night after Christmas—an evening celebrated in England, France, and Germany by fetes and entertainments, in which the children bear a prominent part.

I must ask the readers to accompany me to an elegant mansion in the aristocratic Boulevard of Malesherbes, in the city of Paris. It was easy to see that something was going on inside, for it was brilliantly illuminated, and from time to time elegantly-dressed figures were indistinctly seen through the openings of the heavy curtains.

It was a Twelfth Night festival. The saloon was fairly ablaze with light. Multitudes of children, dressed with taste, moved about gracefully in childish dances, or eagerly partook of the bonbons which on that occasion are always liberally supplied. Among them moved elegant ladies, most of them being parents of the children present, who with smiles watched the enjoyment of the little ones.

At last came the grand ceremony of the evening. This was the cutting of the Twelfth Night cake, which was of mammoth proportions, and of which each guest was entitled to a share. The cutting of the cake was watched with interest, and the pieces were drawn by lot. Just before this was done, however, the Countess de Charny said to the hostess, "Will you gratify me with a little caprice?"

"Certainly," said the hostess, complaisantly.

"It is this: I wish my portion of the cake to be given to the poorest little boy we can find in the street."

The French are always fond of novelty, and this "caprice" struck the hostess as promising a pleasant variety.

"It is a good thought," she said. "I will at once dispatch Antoine on your errand."

Antoine was at hand, his services being liable to be called upon at any moment. He shrugged his shoulders as the message was given him, and thought there was no accounting for the whims of fine ladies. But of course it was not for him to remonstrate, and he went out to execute his errand. Reaching the street, he looked around him, hoping he might not have far to go in the cold, for it was one of the coldest nights of the winter.

"Ah, there's a little vagabond, luckily! Now to capture him."

The boy referred to was a ragged little Savoyard, of ten years old, apparently, who was standing opposite, with his little violin under his arm. He had been about the streets all day, playing wherever he could get listeners. From some places he had been driven with abuse, for his instrument was far from being a superior one, and poor little Carlo was only a passable player. The poor fellow had suffered not a little with cold, for his clothes were thin, and by no means sufficient for the season; and he had had nothing to eat since the crust of bread which was given him in the morning by the speculator who had brought him, with several others, to Paris, and now lived on their earnings, doling them out the smallest allowance of food that would keep soul and body together.

After wandering about the whole day, little Carlo had strayed into the Boulevard des Malesherbes, and had paused in front of the beautiful mansion where the festival was going on. He could see indistinctly the forms of the children who were participating in the entertainment, and it is quite likely that the poor little fellow felt sorrowful envy of those whose lot was so much brighter than his. His gaze was so intent that he did not notice the appearance of the servant, until Antoine, having crossed the street, laid his hand on his shoulder. Carlo started in alarm, and tried to tear himself from the servant's grasp.

"Not so fast, little chap," said Antoine. "I want you."

"I didn't do any harm," said the Savoyard, trembling; for he supposed Antoine's intentions were unfriendly.

"Who said you did? I only said that I wanted you."

The little Savoyard looked at him distrustfully. He had met with so little kindness in his life, that he regarded strangers as enemies rather than friends.

"You are to come with me into yonder mansion," said Antoine.

"Where the lights are?" asked the ragged boy, in surprise.

"Yes. Come, hurry along. I don't want to stay out here in the cold."

"But why am I to go up there?" asked Carlo, puzzled.

"You will know when you get there. All I can tell you is that my mistress wants you."

"Perhaps I am wanted to play on my violin," thought the boy; and with this idea he followed the servant to the entrance of the mansion.

A moment later he was ushered into the brilliant saloon, blazing with lights. He looked around him, dazzled and nearly blinded by the glare. There was a chorus of ejaculations, and the young gentlemen and ladies gathered around the timid little Savoyard, who stood bewildered in the midst of the magnificence.

In the midst of it the Countess de Charny, whose caprice had been the cause of his appearance, advanced towards the little boy, and gently removed his tattered cap.

"Ah, he is indeed pretty," she said, as his chesnut hair fell in a natural wave over a fine brow, which seemed white in comparison with his sun-burnt cheeks.

His eyes were a bright hazel, his features were exquisitely turned, only thin for want of sufficient food. In spite of his rags, it was easy to see that he was gifted with beauty.

"Countess, you will soil your gloves," said a guest, as she took the little boy by the hand and led him forward in the centre of the saloon.

"Then I can buy another pair," she said indifferently. "It is I who sent for you," she said to Carlo. I will tell you what to do."

The drawing commenced. The little Savoyard followed the directions of the Countess, and his share of cake was handed him.

"Whoever finds the ring in his slice shall be the king of the party," said the hostess, in explanation; "or if it is a young lady, she shall be queen. The king or queen has a right to select one of the opposite sex to share the honors of royalty."

"May I eat it, madame?" asked the Savoyard, with a longing glance at the cake he held in his hand.

"Yes, my child; but have a care not to swallow the ring, if it should be within."

All the children were eagerly examining the slice, in the hope of finding the ring which was the prize of the evening.

In the midst of it, the little Savoyard drew the glittering circle from his cake, saying to the Countess, "I have it, madame."

"The king! The king! The little Savoyard is king!" shouted the children.

"You are the king of the festival!" said the hostess, advancing and leading forward Carlo, who seemed bewildered by enthusiasm.

It was a strange scene—the little ragamuffin in the centre of the saloon, surrounded by elegantly-dressed children, over whom he was called to exercise sovereignty. The children enjoyed it better than if one of themselves had been chosen.

"A queen! a queen! He must name a queen!" shouted all.

"Look around you," said the hostess. "It is for you to choose a queen from those present."

The little Savoyard looked around him a moment, then went back to the Countess de Charny.

"I want you to be queen," he said.

"But," said the Countess, "it is the custom to choose a young girl."

"I want you to be queen," he persisted.

"Why do you choose me?" she asked.

"Because you are kind to me," said Carlo. "Besides, you look like my mother."

"Like your mother? Is she living?"

"I don't know, madame; but I have her picture."

"Show it to me," said the Countess, who seemed to be moved by a strange interest.

Carlo drew from under his ragged vest a small locket, suspended by a plain white string. The picture, though stained and discolored, presented the face of a beautiful young lady of twenty. No sooner did the Countess cast her eyes upon it than she uttered a cry of joy, and threw her arms around the astonished boy.

"My boy, my boy, my own little Victor! are you again restored to me?"

All the guests gazed in astonishment at this unexpected tableau. The Countess, quickly recovering herself, said, while an expression of joy irradiated her sweet face, "The picture is mine, as you can perhaps discover by examining it. Eight years ago, I was journeying in the northern part of Italy with my husband and my little Victor, then four years of age, when he suddenly disappeared from me. We had no doubt that he was stolen, and offered a large reward for his recovery, but without success. From that day I have mourned for him as for one whom I never again expected to see in this world. It is doubtless Providence who by such strange means has restored him to me."

"Are you my mother, then?" asked Carlo.

"Yes, my child." And again the mother clasped the boy, ragged and dirty though he was, to her heart.

This time he returned her caress.

"Then I shall not be hungry any more?" he said.

"No, my poor child."

"Let him tell us his story demanded the children.

So, seated on a chair in their midst, the little Savoyard told his story in answer to the many questions that were poured in upon him. As far back as he could remember, he wandered about with his little violin, in Italy at first, but for the last two years in Paris where he had suffered every discomfort and privation. He was in the charge of an Italian named Giacomo Bartoni, who professed to take care of him, and to whom the violin belonged.

"We will send for him to-morrow," said the Countess. "I must buy the violin of him as a memorial of the years of terrible privation which you have passed"

That night the little Savoyard, who was accustomed to sleep on a bed of straw, rested his weary limbs on a bed of down, in the beautiful mansion of the Countess de Charny. The next morning, he was arrayed in a suit of elegant boy's clothing, in which he looked transformed. Scarcely was the metamorphosis complete, than his Italian master, who had been summoned, made his appearance, and bowing almost to the ground, was admitted into the presence of the Countess.

"Do you recognise this young gentleman?" asked the Countess, pointing to Carlo, who now looked like a little prince.

"No, madame."

"Yet you ought to know him well. It is the little Savoyard, Carlo."

Giacomo was overwhelmed with astonishment.

"But I do not understand," he said.

The explanation was briefly made. The Italian was paid a munificent sum for the violin, which is now the only link which unites the little Court Victor with the poor little Savoyard of former years. He is now at a military school, and bids fair to maintain by his talents the distinction of the illustrious family to which he belongs.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Beauty is a summer fruit, fragrant but frail.

Ambition may be designated as avarice on stilts.

The best poetry is that which moves the heart most.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.

When we dread punishment we suffer it; and whosoever deserves punishment dreads it.

A rejected lover sometimes escapes a great disappointment by means of a small one.

He who is always grumbling at others, is sure to be a fit subject for criticism himself.

You cannot dream yourself into a character: you must hammer and forge yourself one.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert—sucking in all the rain and giving back no fruit.

The things we remember are few and unimportant when compared with those we forget.

A tedious writer is one who uses, not simply many words, but many words to little purpose.

It is easy to pick flaws in other people's work, but more profitable to do better work yourself.

Sudden elevation in life, like getting into a rarer atmosphere, swells us out, often perilously.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side.

Most men spend the early part of their lives in such a way as to render the latter part miserable.

The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies only killed by long culture and care.

"Too Late" and "No More" are the mournful sisters, children of a sire whose age they never console.

No man should think longer of the evil he has committed than it takes to extract the virtue from it which is to save him when next tempted.

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. The bad might be eradicated, it is true; but it is easier to sow clean seed than it is to cleanse dirty wheat.

Your secret, kept to yourself, is safely anchored; told, it is afloat on the illimitable ocean of mutual confidences, and before you know where you are, the world is made free of that which it may be vitally important to you to hide.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Avoid argument. To argue is not to convince, but it is often to excite. Besides, the defeat of an argument leads to a loss of temper, and sometimes the victor and the vanquished are equal sufferers in the end. And how few things are worth argument, after all!

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A SOCIETY for the prevention of cruelty to youth, would make the world happier, wiser and better. As it is, the society for the prevention of cruelty to children is a farce. Its would-be charity and philanthropy never reach the right object. Youth needs not only encouragement in its particular ambition, but it needs the necessary stimulus to sustain and keep alive such ambitions. And that stimulus is appreciation and encouragement.

THE best aphorisms are pointed expressions of the results of observation, experience and reflection. They are portable wisdom, the quintessential extracts of thought and feeling. They furnish the largest amount of intellectual stimulus and nutriment in the smallest compass, and as such they cannot mix in the daily minds of men without deep cause and effect, and the people who are the most deficient in written literature, are richest in the collection of proverbs and aphorisms.

WITH what consciousness of perfection life passes for the man who dies for others, none of the heroic and good can turn back to assure us. We who spend ourselves in the futile effort to fill existence with selfish schemes of toil and pleasure, and close each empty day with a sense of disappointment and hopelessness, can only guess the satisfaction of self-devotion from the keener sentiment of our own fatuity and unworthiness with which we read an heroic history. As nothing we do in the circle of the low, creeping, and narrow establishes us in our own esteem, we must believe that those equal to a great vocation and a great ordeal do at last have the delight of conscious merit and success. Never labor of pen, or brush, or chisel but brought its author more secret anguish of failure than joy of triumph; the sublimest song is harsh with jarring discords of the singer, because of that extreme beauty which would not be uttered. But without doubt the hero feels the grandeur of his work, and knows its completeness. There is no touch lacking in his pictures; spheral music is not sweeter nor perfecter than his poem. The years of Michael Angelo and of Homer could only have deferred his triumph and reward.

IT is a strange world, that of childhood. Its moral is we are not the laws of after life. The summer fruit all melting into honeyed sweetness, is indeed harsh in its spring time. Wherein it is safe to educate, educate for after life, wherein it is not safe, let alone. Into the sports, the child-life of youth you cannot infuse men's culture. You can teach gymnastics, if you will, profitably, but as you teach arithmetics, or any other study; yet you cannot make your boy play at them. He will leave the best appointed set of horses, rings, ropes, and ladders, to play tag and climb fences, and hang by his legs from the crooked limbs of the old apple tree. If you mix instruction with amusement, he will hate the one, and will not love the other. Do not, moreover ask to know too much about their ways and ideas. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Plenty of affection, and a pure, high example at home, careful training in what is necessary for after life to know, and then—wholesome neglect. Some things must be learned, but cannot be taught, and Dr. Arnold said that there were times in the affairs of boyhood when "he knew when not to see."

REPUTATION.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the old proverb, and it says it quite truly. You might as well string up at once the dog of whom you say that he is mad, though he is as perfectly healthy as yourself, as leave him loose on the highway; for if you do not, some one else will, and the poor beast will only have had a longer spell of ill-treatment than need have been, had you finished your cruelty of ill-repute by the mercy of extinction.

But that bad name—how widely we scatter it without thought of how it sticks and how loosely we throw it without knowing whether it is deserved or not. We know nothing positive. We have only heard this little rumor and that small report, but we make out of the two little breaths one big blast, and with it blow the bad name, which can never be got rid of again.

Give a woman a bad name, and you practically destroy her social career in all its value and beauty. She may live it down; but living it down is weary work, and it is easier to die oneself than to kill a slander. And how easily a woman is slandered! A dress has come home from the milliner's just in time to put on. It is not as it should be; it is lower or tighter, or something else decidedly undesirable, and not as it was ordered. But there is no time to alter it, no time even to modify it. It is the only dress that she has suitable to the occasion, and she must go. The mistake has been accepted and made the best of; but the ill-natured givers of bad names will not let it pass, nor allow of an interpretation. They see nothing of her perplexity or inward discomfort; they see only that her dress is remarkable, and, as was said, undesirable. But forever after Mrs. or Miss Fairstairs has the reputation with a certain as "not nice," because once a milliner made a mistake in her measurement, and the poor lady was forced to wear a disagreeable kind of gown, which she herself disliked as much as any.

No one knows how it came about. It was one of those mysterious bad names that spring up like fungi on an autumn night—suddenly, silently, apparently without cause; but Mr. Blank, who was something in the city, and who had always hitherto passed for a man of probity enough, one day found the label of doubtful honesty pinned to him, and was never able to rid himself of the mark. No one knew what he had done, and, although everyone asked, no one could tell his neighbor; nevertheless everyone said that he had done something—something; that he was not a man to be trusted in his business, and wanted sharp watching. But as the givers of bad names are generally chary of reasons why, and dread nothing so much as to be asked for the proofs, to his dying day poor Blank never understood the odd way in which certain people treated him, nor what he had done to justify the evident suspicion of some with whom he had business dealings. It was all as mysterious to him as was the rise and growth of his bad name. He was unconscious, in his own mind, of having done anything at any time to create want of confidence in his probity; and, as no one had a definite charge of which to tell him, no one told anything at all. If we cannot speak good of our neighbors, we had better not speak of them at all; and scattering bad names broadcast may sometimes result in the sowing of dragon's teeth which give us cause to repent. Unproved suspicion and that vague "they say" are not, enough ground on which to stand; and no one ought to repeat evil reports of a fellow creature which he cannot verify and swear to by personal knowledge. Then his ill name is a sign of warning justly bestowed; but if we waited for this before repeating or reporting or believing? Ah! if we did, what a much happier and more peaceful place the world would be!

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is because England and America have always been so open-minded that their productive force has been so noble and great. Place the French people in the same condition, and their artistic and literary forms must embody ideas and thoughts, and sentiments that appeal to the human race, instead of the local taste of the Parisian public and the luxurious rich corresponding with that public who exist in all large cities.

—

FLORENCE, Bella Firenze, "Flower of all cities, and city of all flowers," is not only the garden of Italy's intellect, but the hot-house to which many a Northern genius has been transplanted. The house where Milton resided is still pointed out and held sacred by his venerators; and Casa Guido, gloomier and greyer now that the grand light has gone out of it, is of especial interest to every cultivated traveler. Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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THE new doors for the Cathedral of Strasburg, which have been executed in bronze repousse, after the models of M. A. Geoffrey, are now finished, and are being publicly exhibited. They challenge comparison with the famous Ghiberti gates, formerly set up in the Baptistry, in Florence, which won from Michael Angelo the well-known criticism that "they might stand for the gates of Paradise." The Ghiberti gates took forty years to make; the modern ones were manufactured in a very short space of time.

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WORDS are simply the signs; they are not the vehicles of thought. Like all signs they are intelligible to none but the initiated. One man having a certain mental experience, hoists, as it were, a signal, like ships at sea, whereby he would make suggestions of it to another; and if in the mental experience of that other be something akin to this, which, by virtue of that kindred can interpret its symbol then only, and to the extent of such interpretation does communication occur. But the mental experience itself, the thought itself, does not pass; it only makes the sign.

—

THE sources of individuality lie below the intellect, and as Shakspeare went deeper into the soul of man, he more and more represented the brain as the organ and instrument of the heart, as the channel through which sentiment, passion, and character found an intelligible outlet. His own mind was singularly objective—that is, he saw thing at they are in themselves. The minds of his characters are all subjective, and see things as they are modified by the peculiarities of their individual moods and emotions. The very objectivity of his own mind enabled him to assume the objective conditions of less emancipated natures.

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IT is unquestionably true that thousands of American women suffer an oppression little less cruel than slavery; that they toil incessantly in shops and garrets for a pittance that half sustains life, and at last drives them to guilt as the alternative of starvation. It is true that women are shut out from the practice of the liberal professions; it is true that in the trades to which they are educated they often receive less pay than men for the same amount and quality of work; it is true that the laws still bear unfairly upon them. If their right to be heard will open to them any means of earning bread now forbidden them, if it will help in any way to give them an equal chance with men in the world, they ought to have it.

—

THE world is in danger of losing one of its wonders, for the six remaining columns of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec are nodding to their fall. The Turks have already sapped them in seeking for the metal cores run into the joints; every frost adds something to the destruction, and any winter may bring the destruction of three out of the six. These columns, seventy-five feet high, are among the noblest architectural works in the world, and the method of their erection is still unexplained. The monoliths of Egypt offer no such difficulties as the building up of these enormous blocks, surmounted by a cornice with a weight of nearly four tons to the square foot.

—

FOR ordinary creatures it is a vast deal better not to be so constantly tossed on the waves of sensuous susceptibility, as to be robbed of those high ambitions, or even of those relatively low ambitions, which give a unity to life, and which by increasing the jar and conflict of human purposes, lead to the ultimate victory of those purposes which are noble and most capable of raising men to a higher level. It is better far for ordinary boys to be hungering after the world of independent action for which they are not as yet mature enough, than to be tossing about on the ripples of small susceptibilities and emotions, without either a great ambition or a high inspiration to guide them.

—

ALL biography has been said to be eulogistic in its nature. This is well enough. But it is not well when the author, high on daring stilts, overlooks the little matters just about him, and, rapidly running his eye over the wastes that stretch from Dan to Beersheba, prates of the fields that lie along the distant horizon. Nor is it well, when he forgets his hero and writes himself—when he constantly thrusts upon us philosophy, abstractions, or the like, when he has a pet theory of his own to sustain and fight for—when narrative becomes disquisition, memoir is criticism, life is bloodless, and the hero of his narrative is a mere puppet whose strings he jerks frenkishly. There may be something good in all this; but it is all quite out of place; it is simply not biography.

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HOW to relieve the poor in our cities without wounding their self-respect, by insuring them employment at fair wages, is a problem that taxes the wits of economists and philanthropists. Private charity assists many over the hard places till they can plant their feet firmly once more, and have the certainty of bread for the day. But when trouble comes in financial circles, thousands of these poor people are thrown out of employment, and having no bread for the day, are glad of the city's supply of soup. It is no new song of sorrow that we hear of more seamstresses than shirts, more teachers than pupils, of starvation in attics, or its alternative, infamy in the streets. The intelligence-offices are crowded with applicants for all kinds of labor, and day after day the pressure continues.

For every reason, political and religious, it is desirable that the victims of poverty, ignorance and vice now crowding together in cities, and totally incapable of making any feasible arrangements for their own advantage, should receive the systematic aid of the State in seeking a market for their labor, and the opportunity permanently to better their lot.

THE high moral tone and literary excellence of the POST should commend it to every parent or guardian. There is no more effectual mode of poisoning the minds of children than the reading of improper books, and in this "fast age," when the little darlings must have something to read always in the house, it behooves those having the matter in charge to pay the most particular attention and observe the greatest care, as to the class of literature allowed so young a mind. "Choose good company, or none," is a maxim which the mother of the writer endeavored to impress indelibly on his mind in childhood. "Read good books, or none," is fully as sapient a rule of guidance. See then, parents, that your children, when they naturally ask for bread, are not given a stone.

FANS—PAST AND PRESENT.

More than three thousand years ago, or about the time that King David reigned over Israel, the artists of ancient Egypt depicted the fan upon the walls of the tombs at Thebes, and the Pharaoh of the day sits upon his chair of state surrounded by his fan bearers, each in his stated rank. The office must have been both honorable and onerous, for in time of war the fan-bearers, with their fans as standards, acted as generals and marshals; while in peace they ever waited upon the king in the temple worship, waving their fans to cool the heated air and to protect the sacred offerings from the profanation of flies and other insects.

These insignia of their office were vividly colored fans, on long, slender, twisted and variegated handles. Their modern successors are to be seen in the Pope's official fan-bearers. There are two of these chamberlains, as they are called, and the fans they carry, but do not use, are made of peacock's feathers, with long ivory handles. The modern Greek Church and its branches place a fan in the hands of the deacon, to be used in the same way, and for the same purpose, as practised by the ancient Egyptians—viz., to guard the sacred elements from desecration.

The use of the fan in the worship of ancient Greece was similar, but its forms were far more beautiful.

According to Virgil, they were sacred to Bacchus, and were carried in procession at the feast of that deity. They were called "flabellum" or "muscarium;" and in the Roman Church of to-day the same kind of fans are called in Italian, "frambella."

In our chat about the ceremonial use of the fan, we must not forget the Scripture reference to it for the purpose of winnowing grain; a very primitive method of separating the chaff, but one which it took some thousands of years to supersede, for the present "fanning" machines were not invented till 1737.

Amongst Roman ladies, too, the services of an attendant slave to carry and use the fan were needful, and the ornamentation bestowed upon these very essential appliances was rich and costly—dyed ostrich plumes and peacock feathers being used for their adornment, while the handles were of gold, set with precious stones, or else of ivory, and beautifully carved.

Approaching more closely to modern days, we find the folding fan, said to have been first invented by the Japanese, from whom the Chinese copied it. The Portuguese, some time in the fifteenth century, brought it over from China, and from Portugal the fashion soon spread over Europe, being brought to France by Catherine de Medicis. It became so important a part of a lady's wardrobe that in the list of Queen Elizabeth's we find no less than twenty-seven fans enumerated. In France they were formed of perfumed leather and paper, and soon attracted the attention of artists, who painted fans which at the present day are reckoned among the most valuable treasures of the art collection. The French name, *eventail*, is derived from the original shape of the fan, which was like a peacock's tail when spread out.

In the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, the feather fan appears frequently suspended from the girdle by a gold or silver chain. In the portrait of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales in Marie Stuart costume, as worn at the fancy dress ball given at Marlborough House a few years ago, a Canadian fan is seen hanging to her side, so true a copy of those of the seventeenth century that it was found suitable to her exquisite costume. A very early fan is of Moorish origin; it is in shape like the weathervane of a house, or a small flag. This form of fan is now used in Italy, but principally for fanning the small charcoal fires with which the cooking is done.

It seems, from the account in Coryat's Travels, in the year 1608, that there were then in Italy plenty of cheap fans, made of paper with wooden handles, the paper part "adorned with excellent pictures, having witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them, or some notable Italian city painted, with a brief description appended thereto."

Returning to England, we find in the poets, dramatists and moralists of the seventeenth century descriptions of a very uncomfortable kind of fan, with a long handle—so long that ladies used their fans for walking-sticks, and chastised their rebellious and naughty children by beating them with their fan-sticks. In Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," II., 2, we see

"I could brain him with his lady's fan."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Wer't not better
Your head were broken with the handle of a fan?"

Aubrey's account of these fans is worth quoting entire, as it is a most vivid and interesting picture of the manners of the day. He says: "The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and they had handles at least half a yard long. With these their daughters were often corrected (alas, poor daughters!) Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan. Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan." Of the decorations of these immense examples of the article, we have a most curious account. They were sometimes prints referring to the passing events of the day—such as "Bartholomew Fair," or the fashionable "Beggar's Opera," the works of Hogarth were also used: and we find in Fairholt a description of a fan measuring twenty-eight inches across, dated 1761, "which contains in the centre a well-executed engraving of a musical party, and on each side the words and music of a canon, and three French and Venetian canzonets."

A very large green fan was also in use at the end of the last century as a parasol, to shade the face from the sun. This fashion was very probably adopted from Venice, and it is still in vogue there.

Fans suitable to the occasions on which they were to be used were also in fashion. Thus we hear of chapel fans, to be used in chapel, with hymns and texts upon them; of theatre fans, with plans of the boxes and the names of the box holders; and fortune-telling fans, with a scheme of divination upon them.

In the "Spectator" is an amusing description by Addison of an academy where the use of the fan is taught. He says: "In the flutter of the fan, there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the loving flutter."

The fan makers par excellence of to-day are the Japanese and the French. A few years ago the Chinese would more justly have been mentioned in place of the former, and they are still unrivalled in the production of mother-of-pearl, carved ivory, wood, and bone framework, and their lacquered fans too are most exquisitely done; but in the production of a cheap one the Japanese nation may safely challenge the whole world, so absolutely perfect is their manufacture, for the nicety of finish in the wooden parts, and the really charming decoration of the paper mounts, has not yet been equalled in Europe. These fans are imported and used in this country by tons of thousands—gentlemen here, as in Italy, Spain, the West Indies and Canada, making use of them as well as ladies. Nor must I forget to mention the palmleaf fan. These are called in the West Indies the palmetto fans, and are usually seen in two sizes, a small and a large. They are sometimes bound with bright colored ribbon around the edge, and the handle is covered with the same, while a large rosette decorates the centre. These are the most delightful of fans for use and comfort in the world; they are so light and do not tire the hand, can be used as a screen, and in fanning a sick person they produce the most air in proportion to the expenditure of strength.

The fan of Kuss-kuss grass is of East Indian make. This grass is fragrant when wet, and punkahs are made of it. The fan turns around on its handle, and the wind is produced by the turning, instead of by waving it to and fro.

The large punkah, or fan, suspended from the roof of an East Indian bungalow, admits of a great deal of ornamentation. They are kept in motion by a servant especially appointed to the office.

The manufacture of the fan in France presents a remarkable instance of the subdivision of labor, as twenty different operations, performed by twenty different people, are necessary to the production of one fan, that sells for ten centimes. These various processes are not carried on in one manufactory, but they form four distinct branches of trade.

The frames, or, as they are called, the "pleds," of the fans, are all made in the Department of the Oise, men, women and children being engaged in the trade. The woods used are the plum, the beam tree, ebony, sandal, and the lime tree. The cleverness of the peasant workpeople is wonderful, considering their absolute ignorance of even the first principles of engraving, gilding, or sculpture. The piercing of the holes is performed by minute saws, which the workmen manufacture for themselves out of pieces of steel watchsprings. At the Exhibition of 1850, in London, a mother-of-pearl fan was shown in the French section, which contained no less than 1600 holes in the square inch, the work of a peasant hand.

Fan painting among amateurs is very common at present in England; the beauty of the fan, however, depends much on the suitability of the design and the delicacy of the work. Figures are more used than flowers, or a landscape with figures, and the old style of a group, as painted in the days of Watteau, is no longer seen. On the black satin and silk grounds which have lately been so fashionable, Chinese white is used, and no color, except the needful admixture of black to produce gray for the shading.

Fan painting requires much practice; the painter must not only be a skilful designer, but must have much experience in his or her art, and even then lessons in this special branch are requisite to enable the artist to attain to any perfection. The most fashionable style of fan at present is the embroidered, a species of decoration which can be done by any one with an ordinary knowledge of embroidery stitches—only two being generally used, long and short stitch for figures, and outline stitch for outlines and coarser work. The silk or satin employed must be carefully stretched in a frame before being traced, and the work must be performed with the finest silks that can be obtained, and needles to match. The making up of the fan is of course done by a proper fan maker, and if it be properly done, and the embroidery is good, nothing is more effective. Nor should I forget those of lace, which are so fashionable for full dress. They may be made by a skilful lace maker; but I must not be understood to recommend any of the coarse and badly worked point lace which I so frequently see. Many ladies have beautiful old carved fan mounts or frames lying by, which they have long put aside and kept more as relics than as likely to be useful again. Now that both fan painting and embroidery have become fashionable, the torn or otherwise spoiled leaves can be replaced by fresh ones of home manufacture, much more interesting as well as useful.

The three exhibitions of fans which have taken place recently in Liverpool, Edinburgh and London, have demonstrated the existence of a revived interest in this article—which is probably owing, in some degree, to the idea that fan painting and decoration is a suitable work for ladies. When we remember that the genius of Watteau and Boucher, in France, was applied to their decoration, and that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in England, the handles alone were marvels of goldsmith's work, costing from £20 to £250, we cannot fail to be struck with our neglect of so worthy an instrument for the display of artistic taste and skill. In the cabinets of collectors of fine art works fans have ever found a welcome, and many exquisite specimens have been preserved to us. But it was not until the year 1870 that any exhibition of them was organized in Great Britain. In that year the authorities of the South Kensington Museum took the initiative by inviting loans of interesting and artistic fans. In answer to this they received no less than 500, the number of lenders being 137. The next exhibition was held by the Liverpool Fine Art Club in that city last year, when a magnificent collection was gathered from all parts—in all, 176 specimens.

The recent exhibition held in Edinburgh brought together 250 fans, which were divided into ancient and modern, and arranged according to their nationalities. That lately opened in London has a wider range and a higher aim than any we have mentioned, being no less than a revival of the ancient Company of Fan Makers, who propose to hold a competitive exhibition, the special object being the resuscitation of their manufacture in England. The competition being open to manufacturers, amateurs, collectors and dealers, renders it possible to secure representative fans of every description, and the prizes offered are of sufficient value to encourage competition. The prospectus is most comprehensive: the classes into which it is divided are five in number. The first class is Modern fans of British manufacture, pletely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects. In this class are three sections—mounted fans, unmounted fans, and sticks of fans. The second class is Modern European fans, not made in Great Britain, but elsewhere in Europe, during the present century. The third class is Ancient fans, completely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects, before the beginning of the present century. The fourth class is Ancient European fans. The fifth class is Exotic fans, of ancient or modern make, not manufactured in Europe.

Something About Leeches.

The great demand which suddenly sprung up for leeches for surgical purposes at the end of the last century, caused their natural haunts in the swamps and marshes to be invaded by armies of collectors, who soon denuded them of their ordinary stock. The French seem particularly partial to leeches, and their use in that country has always been more general than elsewhere. As a consequence of the drain upon her supplies, she was the first to suffer from a diminished yield; and in time the famine spread to Turkey, Hungary, Greece and Germany, and even to Algeria and Syria, all of which countries were ransacked in the search for these bloodthirsty creatures. The scarcity and dearness of leeches at last attracted attention, and it was, we believe, about 1830 that the idea was conceived by a Frenchman that leeches might be kept in regular farms and bred like any other animal for which there is a steady demand. The idea was soon carried into practice, and with such success that leech breeding has come to be regarded as a distinct industry of no little importance, and is carried on to a considerable extent in Europe.

The success of such an establishment depends, of course, upon the selection of a suitable locality, as the spots best adapted to the purpose are generally tracts of marshy ground, which are either useless for any other purpose, or worse than useless, a nuisance—the selection of such areas and turning them to account in this way, is a double benefit. As an instance of the advantages attending the establishment of the industry in such places, setting aside the actual and immediate profits of the trade, we may quote a French writer who twenty years ago gave his experience of such an undertaking. Natural swamps previously neglected are cultivated and placed under control, their miasmatic effects are neutralized, and employment is given to many poor people who otherwise would find it hard to get a living. In the Department of La Gironde alone, about ten thousand acres of land are devoted to this purpose; its value has risen six or eight fold; men's wages have risen, and women and children also find remunerative occupation; shops have sprung up where none existed before; and the condition of the peasantry generally has been very greatly improved.

One of the largest of these farms is near Bordeaux. Here an area of about four hundred acres is devoted to the industry. The marsh is subdivided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be inundated separately by the Garonne river. It is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide by five feet deep, outside which is a bank of earth which acts as an obstacle to the escape of the leeches, and which also enables the watchmen to go around the property at night without being seen; for there are some thieves who cannot resist the temptation of stealing even leeches when the opportunity presents itself. Outside the bank is a second ditch, connected with the inner one by occasional breaches in the intervening bank. Each compartment is intersected by drains, and can be flooded or laid dry at will by opening the hatches with which the ditches are provided. In the case of draining the water off, the lower hatches are replaced by perforated metal ones through which the water, but not the leeches, can escape. Beside these breeding grounds is a reservoir, similar to them in every respect, which is replenished at every opportunity with the larger leeches, so that when the other beds are laid dry, there is always a stock on hand ready for the market. This reservoir is always kept covered with water to the depth of three to five inches, and holds from forty to fifty thousand leeches to the acre—a rate rather greater than that observed in the breeding ponds, which are populated to the extent of thirty or forty thousand leeches per acre. During the cold season the leech remains quite underground, but the first rays of the spring sun bring him out, and then a troop of horses is made to enter the breeding grounds, in the proportion of ten to the acre. The leeches attach themselves to the lower part of the legs of the animals, and then gorge themselves. The same troop of horses remain on this service for five or six hours, when they are recalled and tended, and sent back to their pasture, where they are allowed to rest and regain strength. After eight or ten days of rest, the horses are again despatched to duty; the hitherto unfed leeches, and those that have digested their last repast, come out again; and from about the first of March to the middle of June, they are fed in this way about eight or ten times each.

In June the leeches all go underground, and the laying dry of the parks commences; the horses are kept out of them, the weeds and rushes are allowed to grow, and the soil becomes better knit together, as it were. In July and August the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the tufts of herbage, and then the drains before mentioned are filled with enough water to keep the ground moist. The leeches having performed this duty, go again underground, and in a short time the young ones make their escape safely from the eggs.

The parks are now inundated, and at the end of August the fishing commences. The fishers, protected by high boots, enter the ponds arranged in lines, and beat the water with sticks to arouse the dormant leeches, which soon appear in great numbers, ready for another feast after their long fast. The large ones are carefully lifted out and put in bags, with which each person is provided, and the line of fishers gradually advances until the whole bed is thoroughly beaten. It is then left to be subjected, three or four days afterward, to another careful search, a sufficient stock being always reserved in the shape of the young and small leeches, and those that, not having digested their food, do not put in an appearance on the unceremonious summons of the collectors.

The price of leeches in the market now is about $20 per pound—an average of five hundred individuals going to the pound. An establishment such as that described above will produce several million leeches annually in a healthy condition. Serious losses are experienced in cold weather, and in consequence of injudicious handling, but the profits are nevertheless considerable, as the cost of maintenance and collection is not very great.

The method of feeding these interesting flocks is, as we have said, by sending a number of horses into the ponds periodically, for unless leeches are provided with ample food they will take themselves off in search of forage elsewhere. The horses used for this purpose do not suffer to anything like the extent that might be imagined. They are closely watched during the operation, and carefully tended afterward. In many cases horses which have been bought for a trifle have, under the care bestowed upon them, improved so wonderfully that they have been sold afterward at a profit, so little does the system injure them. Old horses, whose lives have hitherto been a succession of hard knocks and fastings, and a succession of fatiguing journeys, here find a relief from their burdens; death is deferred for months and even years, and the latter period of their life is passed in a paradise, compared with what they have undergone.

Paris alone takes some twelve millions of leeches annually, and prior to the establishment of the system of producing them in artificial reservoirs, the annual importation into France from abroad, exclusive of her own production, was nearly fifty millions. The enormous demand for these useful surgical attendants throughout the world may be estimated from these figures.

Describing the toilette preparations of a Japanese damsel, a correspondent says that it is a matter of no light consideration, and to be in good time for the feast she must be up and dressing long before the sun rises from behind Fuzi, the great sacred mountain. The long, coarse tresses of black hair must be washed, combed and greased until the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks must be rouged to the proper tint, the throat, neck and bosom powdered, carefully leaving, however, on the neck three lines of the brown skin of the owner, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art. Then the eyebrows are to be carefully rounded and touched with black, the lips reddened with cherry paste, with a patch of gilding in the centre. When all this has been done, and she gets together a proper allowance of pocket handkerchief paper, her tobacco pouch, pipe and fan, she sallies forth.

A simple process for detecting artificial butter, or oleomargarine, consists in melting the butter at a gentle heat, allowing it to become quite clear by standing, and saturating a cotton wick with the limpid fat. The wick is then ignited, and extinguished after about two minutes. If the butter is genuine the odor will be that of strongly fried butter, while the presence of oleomargarine is betrayed by the well known unpleasant odor left by a tallow candle which has been lately extinguished.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The green vales are wrapped in the gray of the gloaming,
The silver moon flecths'er brow of the hill;
The glow worms abroad on the thyme flowers are roaming;
The brown hare at home on her form lieth still.

The woods, heavy-leaved in their midsummer glory,
Gleam tinged with silver by Dian's soft light;
The brook bubbles out its vague murmurous story;
The nightingale singeth his song to the night.

What fays and what brownies may lurk in yon flowers,
Though palpable not to our earth's grosser view,
With revels beguiling the midsummer hours
With bouquets of bloom-food and draughts of pure dew?

Titania herself may be couched 'mid the roses
And Oberon sleep in the passion flow'r's bell;
Puck, perchance, on yon cluster of pansies reposes,
And Pea-blossom flits through the shades of the dell.

Dreams, dreams, idle dreams! Nay, not idle the dreaming
That brings noble thoughts unto care burdened minds—
That with poesy's pansies bright gildeth its seeming,
And draws lofty truth out of all that it finds.

"That Other Fellow."

BY GIRARD DIXON.

I never knew her age; but she was the daughter of my tutor, and a dainty, winsome little lady. I was twenty; generous perhaps, impulsive undoubtedly, and over head and ears in love with her.

Greybridge lies about half a mile distant from the Thames. The church, however, and the adjacent rectory stand on high ground between the two, and the private garden stretches from the top of the hill down to the water's edge.

Doctor Silverthorne received me affably, and with an air of cheerful dignity, made me acquainted with the details of the household, and left me to my own devices until dinner.

Naturally enough I strolled out among the trees, and in a few minutes found myself on the river's bank. A canoe and a pair-oared skiff were floating temptingly beneath me. Evidently they belonged to the house, so I settled myself in the canoe and paddled on a voyage of discovery up the stream.

The sun was hot; I was disinclined for active exercise, and the little craft was urged but slowly forward. Perhaps a mile of river was leisurely traversed, and I paddled towards an inviting willow, anxious to avoid, for a few moments, the glare of the sun, but was suddenly interrupted by a girl's voice.

"At the risk of being thought inquisitive, may I ask what you are doing in that canoe?"

With a sweep of the paddle I turned my craft and faced the speaker.

She was young and pretty, and was seated in a canoe similar in size and shape to mine.

"I beg your pardon," I replied, at loss for a reply.

"That's very kind of you. Do you happen to know that the canoe is private property—is mine, as a matter of detail?"

I told her that I had no idea of that interesting fact whatever. "I thought it belonged to Doctor Silverthorne," I humbly protested.

"Not a bit of it," she said, somewhat impatiently. "It belongs to me. Papa gave both these canoes to me early this spring."

"Oh! then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Silverthorne?"

"Yes," she answered, "you have that pleasure."

"Allow me to introduce myself—my name is Godfrey Stow."

She burst out laughing.

"I see it all now: you are the new boy. I didn't expect you till next week. I can't help laughing," she added, taking two strokes with her paddle, which brought her within a yard or so of me, "you blush so delightfully."

"How happy I am to be able to amuse you," I returned. "Do you ever indulge in a blush?"

"No; it doesn't suit my complexion. Besides I never say or do anything which should cause me to blush."

And she dipped her paddle into the water and glided smoothly out into mid stream

"I am going home!" she cried, looking back at me over her shoulder; and "who loves me, follows," she quoted.

"I'd rather accompany than follow," I returned, coming up alongside.

The stream carried us swiftly down to the boat-house in the rectory garden. I disembarked first, and stooped to steady her canoe as she rose.

She sprang out on the wooden step, and with her finger tips lightly touched my cheek.

"Good boy," she said demurely, and without another word fled towards the house.

I hardly know whether I was more surprised at the caress than at her sudden disappearance. I went to my room, however, lighted a pipe, in my doubt, and thought about her. Truly she was a most unusual young lady. Not that my knowledge of womankind was extensive or deep, but with the confidence born of my twenty years of life, I flattered myself I knew a thing or two, and woman was one of the things, of course.

When I descended, at the sound of the dinner bell, the Rector was standing with his back to the fireplace chatting with a pupil named Stuart Smart.

I was introduced to that gentleman, and agreed with him that the weather was all that could be desired. And so in the interchange of other original and appropriate remarks, five minutes slipped by.

"Ha! at last," said the Rector, as Miss Silverthorne glided into the room. "Constance, allow me to introduce Mr. Stow, my new pupil.

She bowed rather frigidly, I thought, and busied herself with some roses at a side table.

"Will you take my daughter in to dinner, Mr. Stow?" asked the Rector presently.

I bowed, approached her, and offered my arm—rather awkwardly, I must admit

She placed the tips of her fingers on my elbow, and walked in the adjoining apartment.

The meal passed off uneventfully, and when the claret was put upon the table, she rose without speaking, and left the room.

The Doctor was chatty, and compared notes with Smart as to the difference between Oxford to-day and Oxford of years ago.

I was not interested in their discourse, and so I took the first opportunity of escaping from the dining-room. On the lawn I paced up and down, smoking a cigarette. Then through the window of the drawing-room I saw Constance sitting in the far corner running her fingers idly over the piano keys. I entered.

"Can't you be tempted into the garden, Miss Silverthorne?" I asked, in my most insinuating tone.

"Oh! yes," she said; "when the tempter asks me, I'll go."

This was very encouraging, so I continued:

"Very well, here he is."

She laughed lightly.

"Dear, dear! How the boy flatters himself."

This was hardly encouraging; still I would not be rebuffed.

"Your father and Mr. Smart are engaged in a most interesting conversation; come out and listen to them."

"Thanks; I leave inquisitiveness to men."

"You needn't trouble to do that," I answered glibly; "they have plenty of their own."

She played a bar of music.

"You don't understand me, Mr. Stow; I am not at all curious."

"Then I certainly don't understand you; for to me you are the most curious little lady in the world."

She smiled, arose from the music stool and took my arm. The contact thrilled me strangely; she gave me one serious look with her eloquent brown eyes, and led me half dazed out into the happy twilight.

About half-past ten on the same night I entered the apartment known as "the study," which looked out on the trees and faced the river. This room the pupils were allowed to regard as their own. They might read, write, or smoke in it, and these privileges were indulged in according to the taste or laziness of each. On the night I refer to I found Stuart Smart stretched at full length on the couch close to the open window, a cigarette between his lips, and a silver mug containing claret within reach of of his hand.

"Have a weed!" he asked lazily, as I entered.

I lighted the proferred cigar, and looked dreamily out of the window. I didn't wish to talk. My heart was full, and my brain occupied with the thoughts which were continually grouping themselves into possible realities round and about *her*.

"Rather nice girl. Miss Silverthorne," said Smart, after a pause.

"Yo—es."

"Isn't quite my style, but doosid nice all the same. You seemed rather fetched, eh?"

"Yo—es; oh! yes. I beg you pardon, I'm sure. I mean Miss Silverthorne seems a very charming girl."

"Um! yes; in fits and starts. She is sometimes a provoking little minx. Try some of this claret; I brewed it myself."

I felt like committing an assault on Stuart Smart, but he was lying supine, and the odds were too many in favor of myself. I quenched my rising wrath in a draught of claret.

"Very picturesque and idyllic, indeed, you both looked to-night. The old boy, though, didn't think it half so pleasing a sight as I did. Ah!—ah! It will be fun to watch that other fellow."

"What other fellow?" I asked, trying not to appear anxious.

"The other fellow—I can't pronounce his name. He calls himself a Magyar, whatever that may be. Of course he's doosid clever, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, but beastly objectionable; and he is undoubtedly sweet on Constance."

"Confound that fellow!" I thought to myself, "how dare he take her name in vain!"

I felt that that delicious right belonged to me alone.

"He is some distant relative, I believe. Not that he is very far off, don't you know; he will be here to-morrow, and then I fancy there will be fun."

"Oh! indeed! Is he particularly humorous, or witty, or what?"

"Oh, Lor', no," answered Smart, with a chuckle; "only you and he will likely come to loggerheads."

And we did. I bade a hasty good night to Smart, and eagerly sought the solitude of my bedroom, but not to sleep.

Coming into the library next morning, I saw a tall, thin, but handsome looking foreigner with Doctor Silverthorne. At once the conviction forced itself upon me that this was the other fellow.

"Stow," said the divine, when I had entered, "let me present you to Count Teleki-Gliceka, who is good enough to assist me with my pupils, and whom you will find far better informed than I am in the studies necessary for your examination."

The other fellow bowed, I inclined my head, and after a few words the Doctor and Count left me alone.

"Do you like Gliceka?" asked Constance, shortly after, as I was passing through the hall.

"I don't know," I returned, in an evasive manner; "but, what is more to my purpose, do *you*?"

"Do *I*?"

"Yes."

"Of course I do."

"Exactly, that is—of course."

"There, you're blushing again."

"I don't care if I am blushing. I—I——"

"Mr. Stow!"

"I beg you pardon, Miss Silverthorne. I ask your pardon for blushing. It was thoughtless of me to suggest you had given me cause for so doing."

"Oh! nonsense! don't try to be satirical; it's not your *forte*. Are you going on the river this afternoon?"

"I have about half promised Smart to practice cricket. Does—does that other fellow play?"

"No. Who ever heard of a Hungarian playing cricket? Well, good-bye. *I'm* going out in my canoe."

Perhaps a month went by. I progressed not more in my studies than in the affections of Constance. But I perhaps should add that my advancement in learning was neither rapid nor overwhelming. Time sped. The Doctor was affable, Stuart Smart was laconic, Constance was distractingly fickle, and the other fellow was attentive and industrious.

But how I loved her; possibly like a fool, at all events like a boy. I have seen and known many women since whose beauty was indescribable, whose fascination was enthralling, whose wit was inspiring. I have been enticed through the fancy, I have been flattered through the intellect; but never have I thought so unselfishly or lived so free from worldly cravings as during those summer days at Greybridge, with Constance as the goal of my ambition and my life.

One evening after dinner she went into the drawing-room, contrary to her usual custom, and seated herself before the piano. The other fellow was there reading his favorite Rochefoucauld, but rose as she entered and placed some music on the instrument. Then as a matter of course he began to sing. To do him justice, the wretch had a magnificent voice, and when the two started a duet, somehow I felt *de trop*, so I rose and abruptly left the room, throwing myself upon the lawn, and smoking.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, and then she, unconscious of my supine presence, stepped out upon the grass alone.

"Oh! here you are. So you don't like singing?"

"Yes, I do, Constance; I like it more than words can express when you sing to *me*."

And I sprang to her side, all on fire with the sweet intonation of her voice.

"And may I not sing for anyone else but you?"

"Constance, dear, this doubt is killing me. You know I love you, do you not?"

"Yes," she said softly, "I suppose so. I always expected you would."

"You darling."

Doubt vanished forever, and I pressed her to my heart.

"No, no, *no*, Godfrey! *Indeed* no!" she said.

But I held her close, and would listen to no maidenly protest.

"I shall speak to the Doctor to-night," I said emphatically. "To-night, Constance."

"No, Godfrey; just now he might not consent; you must be calm and undemonstrative. Leave it all to me. And you really want me to be your wife?"

"Darling, my only ambition is to devote myself to you."

"That's very prettily said. No, Godfrey, not again Tiresome boy, well—*there*!"

The next few days fled away like a dream. Occasionally I saw the other fellow addressing her, and then I forgave him and began to find good points about him which hitherto I had failed to appreciate. After all, he couldn't help loving her! At the same time I was convinced that the one duty I owed myself and Constance was a speedy wedding. Again I urged Constance to let me ask the Doctor for her hand.

"And lose me forever?" she would ask, with tearful eyes.

Her answer was of course conclusive. There was nothing to be done but elope. I did not like the idea, but anything was preferable to the loss of Constance. So she and I began to plot, and without any trouble we arranged our plan.

At nine o'clock on the appointed night—it was Friday, I remember—Constance left the rectory alone. We were to go to my old nurse's at Camberwell. I remained behind, according to our plan, to see that no inquisitive eyes had watched her departure. Everything was quiet.

"What a terrible sell for Gliceka!" I chuckled to myself; and then I scudded across the fields and reached the station just in time. Constance was waiting for me, and I rushed to the office to procure the tickets.

"I have the tickets, Godfrey," said she; "I thought you might be late, and I saved the time, you see."

We entered the train, and at length reached Waterloo; we were twenty minutes past our time, no matter—now for Camberwell.

I sprang out of the carriage, and—Heavens!—the first person I encountered was that other fellow.

He advanced to the carriage and raised his hat.

"I have been waiting ten minutes," he said to Constance; "come."

She stepped from the carriage and took his arm. I staggered back dumbfounded.

He shrugged his shoulders and led her to a carriage awaiting his orders.

"Mr. Stow," said she, turning round to speak to me; "I have been wrong, cruel perhaps, but you must learn to forgive me."

"Come, Constance," said Gliceka resolutely, as he handed her into the vehicle. "Good-night Stow; many thanks for your services."

The driver whipped up his horse, and Constance Silverthorne was carried from my sight for ever.

* * * * *

I never returned to Greybridge. In a few months I passed my examination and went abroad. The following year I met Stuart Smart, who gave me some information of my old associates. Constance had married the other fellow, and the Doctor, unable to carry on his work without their assistance, had graciously forgiven them. They were quite a happy family, Smart observed. Constance and her husband had been secretly engaged for years, but as the Doctor would not hear of their marriage, they had determined to elope. I had been used as the means of putting the Doctor off the scent, the other fellow going by another and faster train than ours.

Nowadays I look back with pain upon my sojourn at Greybridge, for I am morally convinced of the truth of the maxim that "Nothing is more natural and more fallacious than to persuade ourselves that we are beloved."

SINGULAR NAMES.—The records of the ancient borough of Wallingford, Berks, England, contain the following singular surnames, which have been brought to light by the Historical MSS. Commission: Threehalfpence, Brokenfoot, Timeofday, Hurlbat, Waps, Kykaw, Henteeake, Scaldwater, Puttl, Pelekoe—probably Shakespeare's (King Lear) Pillicock—Pesewips, Peckenpeni, Skikerit. Some of the feminine Christian names found are on the other hand very euphonious: Estrilda, Claris, Marcilla, Claricia, Basille—relics of the Roman days in Britain.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.—The bird of Paradise, magnificent creature as it is, belongs to the crow tribe; with all its marvels of plumage, it has to confess to a corvine beak, to the strong, coarse legs and feet of a bird of carrion. The New Guinea natives are accustomedd to cut the feet off, and so, the dense soft plumage concealing the fact of the amputation, these creatures found their way to America as the footless birds.

A SUN-STOVE.—A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exposition, where a professor, when the clouds permit, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. On a recent Saturday he succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun possesses great power, he roasted quails in twenty minutes.

A Nail in the Skull.

BY P. HENRY BOYLE.

In the Morgue, at Paris, had been brought the body of a young man found floating in the Seine.

Drowning had not caused his death, for driven into the skull, and almost hidden by the long black curly hair was an iron spike about four inches long.

This, the physicians said, had been the instrument of his murder. He had probably been choked into senselessness by a powerful hand, and the deed committed. He had then been cast into the water.

Although the most perfect in the world, the police of the great city were unable to unravel the crime. A stranger cannot remain within its limits twenty-four hours even, without being known to the agents of the law, but of this youth they knew nothing. Who he was, whence he came, his object in the metropolis were equally mysterious and unfathomable.

The hotels and lodging-houses, which are required to keep a registry of all inmates, were examined by the detectives, but to no purpose. None knew him—none had seen him.

The garments found upon his person, and which hung upon a peg, still dripping on the half-naked man beneath, had offered no clue. They were those of a person moving in the better class of society, not in any way unlike the tens of thousands met daily on the public streets.

With a look of chagrin, a well known detective, engaged in the search, stood gazing thoughtfully through one of the little glass windows that opened on the space inclosing the dead. It was the last of the three days that the body should be exposed, and he had given up all hopes of finding the guilty party.

A slight noise of voices at the door caused him to turn his head.

Familiar with the faces of the new comers, he recognized them as actors at one of the city theatres.

At that time—and even to this day—the Morgue was a school-room for these children of the stage. They came to watch and study, unknown, the varying expressions of horror, disgust and terror depicted on the faces of visitors as their eyes first caught sight of the slimy corpses on the stone slabs within.

The present party was composed of two ladies and three gentlemen. One of the men had refused to enter, and the efforts of the others to induce him was what had disturbed the reverie of the officer.

"No, I've seen him. I don't care to go in. I'll wait for you here."

The words were distinctly heard by the detective, who knew the speaker as one of the most talented, but erratic, tragedians then in vogue

He had himself not yet been observed by the incomers, to whom he was as well known as they to him, and, hastily stepping back, he entered a small room to which the general public was not admitted.

The actors remained but a little while, for despite the singular method of murder, and the publicity given the case, visitors were not numerous.

Indeed it had often been noticed that deaths of peculiar horror—where the body was almost putrid—or the face or person crushed in some disgusting manner, the crowds of eager sightseers were always greater.

This case, and it had been the sole occupant of the dread abode since its arrival, was without these attractions. Indeed, were it not for the irregularly square nail head in the skull, strongly contrasting with the white skin, there was nothing to tell but that he had died by the silent visitation of God!

So the players left and joined their friend outside. The others were lively and talkative, naturally perhaps, but his seemed a forced gayety.

The party stopped at various cafes and gardens on their return homeward, drinking wine and brandy.

But at every halt some stranger or other would enter and occupy a seat near them. The first in a different dress, but with a bearing much like that of the detective, had followed them from the Morgue.

He had spoken a few words to a *commissionaire* he had met upon a corner, who dogged their footsteps until some distance on he came in contact with a man walking along in the dress of a soldier, who, in his turn, tracked and watched them

The agents of the French Police are to be found everywhere, and in all sorts of ostensible occupations, in every quarter of Paris.

The legal period expired, and no claimant arising, the body of the man "murdered by a spike through the brain," as the verdict had it, was ordered to be buried in the "common ditch"—the Potter's Field of the outcast and unknown.

The strange affair apparently died entirely out of the public mind. The Morgue repeated, in other forms, its ghastly story; visitors came, and were shocked, actors and actresses continued to go there in the interest of Art, and everywhere the great drama of life was still played on, as is its wont.

A certain detective, however, never entered the dead-house, nor did a certain leading actor.

It was singular, moreover, that so many people called to make trivial inquiries at the theatre. The manager was surprised at it, but hoping it was nothing more than increasing popularity, gave no other expression of wonder.

One day a police official entered his office.

"To-night, sir, I believe," he said, "you play 'Hamlet.'"

The manager bowed in the affirmative.

"And Monsieur M——, your leading man plays the Prince?"

The manager bowed again.

"In the name of Justice, then," continued the visitor, "I demand the privilege of furnishing a part of the Prince's 'properties.' I assure you, sir, the representation shall receive no detriment by any fault or omission of mine."

He at once stated his desire, and though the manager seemed terribly struck by some of his disclosures, he willingly consented to his demands.

"Hamlet" was "on," and M——, as the melancholy Dane, never acted better. The claquers were out in force, but their interested applause was not necessary. The audience was enthusiastic.

The grave-diggers were in the grave, and the habitues of the place noticed that the "second" of these functionaries, as they are called in the programme, was an entire stranger to the stage. Any attention it might have excited, however, was lost in the entrance of Hamlet and Horatio.

Suddenly, and with an awkward stage action, the second grave-digger threw out a skull, and leaned on his pick as he observed Hamlet, in the "business" of the scene, stoop and pick it up.

The Prince had begun his speech:

"Alas! poor Yorick!"

when his hand, moving over the yellow, bony surface, touched something hard and cold.

The eye of the grave-digger fairly glittered as he saw him start, tremble, and drop the skull, which fell with a dull, heavy metallic thud on the green carpet.

A long iron spike ran through it from forehead to base.

While the auditors were wondering at the strange act, and the stranger paralysis that seemed to have come over their favorite, the detective leaped from the grave and shouted:

"I arrest Monsieur M—— for murder!"

One wild look at the strong hand on his shoulder, and the actor, shrieking in a wild frenzy, fainted.

In an instant all was terror and confusion, but from the supernumeraries present came forward six persons, who, throwing off their theatrical accoutrements, showed themselves policemen.

Amid an uproar the curtain dropped and the audience dispersed.

M——, on reviving, was wandering in his mind, and never recovered. But amidst his madness he told an awful tale.

He had killed the stranger who had been found with the nail in his skull. He belonged in Alsace, his own province. In younger days M—— had robbed him. Meeting the actor in the city, he had threatened exposure. A return of the stolen money would not satisfy him. He said he would cling to him for life.

They were walking one night and talking it over near the Halle aux Vins. On the pavement his foot struck a spike, evidently dropped by one of the coopers of the establishment. He picked it up, and from that moment, in mind, he was an assassin. In a lonely spot he had grasped his enemy by the throat, choked him, and then, to assure his work, driven, with a barrel-stave the spike through his brain.

His hesitancy about entering the Morgue on the eventful last day of the body's exposure had given the first hint to the officer, who had finally worked out his detection and conviction.

Check Before Mate.

BY G. MANVILLE PENN.

There was the invitation, and I knew Winnie must have had a hand in my getting it, but all the same I was miserable, dejected, jealous, and—twenty one. At last, after declaring I would not go a dozen times, I vowed I would.

"I'll get an answer, yes, or no," I said. "A girl has no business to trifle like this with a man's feelings."

I looked—accidentally, of course—in the glass as I said this, and this is what I saw:

A fair, boyish face, with a complexion like a girl's, and every scrap of fluff scraped off to make it grow more profusely.

I was annoyed with my face, my appearance, and my dress, although I was healthy, straight, and as well dressed as a young fellow could be.

It was ten o'clock then, and I had been two hours dressing. I will not relate how many times I had parted and re-parted my hair, nor how exercised in my mind I had been as to whether I should wear the lavender trousers or the pale brown, and whether the pale blue and white tie suited me the better.

Suffice it that there I was in the plain blue tie, black coat, pale buff drill vest, and those beautifully cut, soft, neutral brown trousers, gracefully falling over patent leather boots, while a more glossy new hat than the one I took out of the box was never seen.

There was not a wrinkle in my pale straw colored kid gloves when I started, and as I got out into the bright July sunshine, I could not help smiling after all with self satisfaction.

I was by no means the earliest arrival at The Elms, and as I reached the gate I could see the ladies dresses through the trees as the merry party strolled about the lawn, waiting for the hour to start—ten precisely.

"How do, Jackson?" said Winnie's father brusquely, as he gave my straw kidded hand a squeeze, and I saw him run his eye supercilionsly over my costume, with the consequence that a hot flush ran up to the roots of my hair, and I felt quite cross as I walked across the lawn to where Winnie Morris was standing amidst a group of friends.

"I want to have five minutes' talk with you, Miss Morris," I said gravely. "Will you let me speak to you when we are at the Grove?"

"Certainly, *Mr.* Jackson," half-laughing at my serious aspect.

And then I was alone and very uncomfortable, for no one seemed to take any notice of me.

"There's a rosebud for you, Fred!" cried a merry voice, and Winnie gave me one out of the basket.

I felt better then, till I saw she distributed one to every gentleman in the party, then I felt worse.

At last we were off, and I sat sulkily at the end of one of the carriages, for old Morris had frustrated all my plans to get near Winnie on the journey down to the Grove, where the pic-nic was to be in honor of Winnie's eighteenth birthday.

We reached the selected place, and at last I contrived that Winnie and I should be alone in one of the glades, where in impassioned tones I spoke of my love, begging for a reply.

"Really, Fred!" cried Winnie at last, drawing away her hand, "I don't think you ought to ask for an answer now. I have always liked you."

"But I ask for your love," I said gloomily.

"Why, we are both very young yet, Fred, and——come, we must get back to our friends."

"You reject me then?"

"I'm afraid you are hungry, young man," said a voice that came upon me like a thunderclap, "or you would not talk in that Byronic strain. I did not come to listen to you, but if you young people choose to talk stuff in public places you must take the consequences."

I gazed at the burly figure, feeling endless humiliations.

"Papa!" exclaimed Winnie, blushing vividly.

"Not cross, my dear. You've behaved very sensibly. Now, young man, you mean marriage, I suppose?"

"Of course, sir."

"What is your income?"

"Well, sir, only five hundred dollars a year, but——"

"Yes; of course, improve, and that sort of thing. You are a clerk for the late firm of Greedie & Spray."

"For *the* firm, sir, and in their confidence."

"Late firm. In the *Gazette* this morning. Failed. Your income is nothing. Dinner's ready. Come, if you are not afraid of soiling yourself."

It was all over then. This was why I so easily got a holiday. I was desperate as the stern old fellow marched us off to the dinner spread beneath a great oak, and Winnie did not even glance at me.

I tore off my delicate gloves with a half-savage smile; hung my hat on a tree; and kneeling down on the grass, I set to carving chickens for the guests.

"I can't degrade myself too much now," I said to myself; and somehow in working hard and getting terribly hot in satisfying the wants of others, I forgot my own troubles, even wondering that I should laugh good-humoredly, when in opening some bottled stout it spurted all over my pale vest and showy shirt.

At last, just as we were about to return home, I was astounded by old Morris taking me by the arm.

"Fred," he said, "I took you for a fool, and a tailor's dummy. I see you can act like a man under difficulties. Nothing like trouble to bring a man to his senses. Come to the counting-house in the morning. Be off; Winnie's keeping a place for you by her side."

I went to the counting-house next morn-morning, and came away with tears in my eyes, and they were not caused by the old man saying I was to talk no nonsense to Winnie for two years. In fact, I am now a partner in the firm, and—is it?—impossible—yes, it is—fifteen years ago this very day.

ROBBING FRENCH LADIES.—Strategy is a thing to be admired when it is employed for the circumvention of rogues. While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half a dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared.

FACETIÆ

"Sun spots"—Freckles.

"Early frost"—The first gray hair.

The song of the bees is, "Hum, Sweet Hum."

"A fast walker"—The man in a treadmill.

A new poet has come to light in the West. The editor uses his contributions to light his pipe.

It is said a shark will not bite a lawyer. Such courtesy is far in advance of the proverbial honor among thieves.

Everybody can't be rich, but everybody can keep or maintain a proper carriage in deportment if they will.

In the hands of Indiscretion the cucumber is a pen that signs and endorses checks in favor of the doctor and the undertaker.

A man may glean a rather correct idea of Vesuvius in eruption on a small scale by dining heartily on underripe watermelon.

"A fair exchange" may be no robbery, but that is no reason why some papers should rob their exchanges of all their best things.

The only place where the Western unmarried, baldheaded man has an apparent advantage is during the continuance of the Indian troubles.

It is now time to compare the relative feeling of indignation produced by being hit with a snow-ball in season, or a chunk of watermelon rind.

The man who first asserted Liver was King, did so on the strength of the fact that it was the reigning article at dinner where he used to board.

Flora McFlimsey was the first to start the modern female complaint of "Nothing to wear." Eve, however, was the only woman who could really be justified in making it.

The machinists' trade is good in Virginia. The great demand and rapid consumption from overwork of the Moffett drink-registering machines makes the business lively.

Shakespeare truly says:
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child;"
but a lazy tack loading round point upwards on our particular chair, sees them and goes them a hundred per cent. better.

Micawber, who was always waiting for something to turn up, ought to have gone to some of his wife's relations for a small loan. Then to be gratified he should have watched the party's nose.

To those who are always coming out second-best in their struggles with the world, it may be said they are sure to get worsted if they apply to an establishment where it is regularly sold.

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done properly and timely, it frequently happens that it will not be done at all. This is as true of beefsteak as of duty.

A good way to learn some valuable lessons in patience and self-restraint is to try sharpening a "two for five" lead pencil sometime or other, when a note has to be written and the ink is exhausted.

In George Washington's time, though pretty girls were known, ice cream saloons were not, and thus he escaped those social experiences and agonies which in the present day make men old before they are young.

While Gutenberg, who invented printing, is honored by statues all over the world, Western editors, who are so much bound to him, never think of subscribing to a monument for the man who first manufactured scissors.

One of the Cincinnati comic papers has a department headed "Between Bites." The editor no doubt writes it up as he lies in bed and in the intervals of the more exciting work of turning down the tick and searching for them.

The ancients wore no shoes. The value of this as a feature of social economy is only properly comprehended by the man who has been out till after midnight and tries to sneak upstairs without waking his wife or mother-in-law.

It shocks a young man's heart terribly when, in walking romantically with his girl along the seashore, making remarks anent the waves, etc., she exclaims with irrepressible enthusiasm, "Oh, Henry, how the foam does resemble the froth on a glass of beer!"

To the young man who sees his girl clinging lovingly to the arm of some other fellow the Sunday evening she told him she was to be in the country, the statement that the world is to come to an end in 1880 is not so fraught with terror as it otherwise might be.

When a man is hit back of the neck by a snow-ball in winter, he thinks that no death would be sufficiently cruel for the urchin who did it. But under the influence of a heat that strains thermometers past all usefulness, he forgets the bitter memory of the past, and would even be a willing victim once more, if only for the accompanying satisfaction of knowing it must be winter or it couldn't happen.

ARE YOU RIGHT SURE that you are so physically constituted as to be exempt from all attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, or Dysentery? If not, it would be prudent to provide yourself with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe medicine for these affections, and a sure curative for Summer Complaint and all Diseases of the Bowels, in either children or adults.

FANCIES.

BY ALLAN H. BEAUMONT.

Our few short years of life glide to the past
Like leaves on swiftly flowing currents cast;
Or like the rays of light that traverse space,
And leave no impress on the paths they trace;
Or as the arrow's swiftly flying gleam,
Or some strange vision flitting through a dream.

Down the dim lighted stair of time they tread,
And take their place with centuries long dead;
Their footsteps echo, then are heard no more,
Until we reach the unknown, unseen shore;
Where marshalled stand in startling long array,
All years of time—some gloomy and some gay.

Why then neglect of time the smallest gem,
That shines within the stream no hand can stem?
Why use the golden minutes for ill ends—
For aught but good, or what to goodness tends?
So let no thought be felt that will not bear
The strictest test bestowed on jewels rare.

Let none but gems of "purest ray serene,"
Invest the secret caves of mind unseen;
And let no second slip, but guard each one,
For of these parts are made our earthly days;
As one light ray consists of seven rays,
All which proceedeth from the glorious sun.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER I.

Ah, how the wind roared over the dreary scene towards the close of that awful Easter day!

The place was one of the wildest parts of wild Cumberland; towering craggy ridges shut out the view completely on one side, and partly sheltered a rude stone house, as old as the time of the Reformation, which stood in the midst of neglected grounds.

Crouching for shelter from the driving rain against the door of this house was a girl of ten years, her head uncovered save by masses of fair hair, with rage and fear burning in her young heart, and such callous despair in her face and eyes as had taken years of misery to bring there, and would take years of peace to eradicate. That child was I, Sylvia Massey, turned out of doors in one of his customary fits of raging drunkenness by the man who called himself my father.

He had been keeping Easter day among the dalesmen, had staggered home for a wonder about dusk, had signalized the extraordinary event by chasing me from room to room with the avowed intention of wringing my neck and tying himself up afterwards, and had finally resolved to wait for an hour till his hand was steadier, and meanwhile turned me out of the wretched house.

This anger was caused because—warned by former occasions—I had taken down, and purposely discharged, a rusty fowling-piece that he had loaded that morning. He had gone straight to it the instant he returned, in cocking it found the cap used, and surmised the rest. No doubt he would have loaded it again, but I had also abstracted the box of percussion caps, and there were none nearer than Jemmy Thwaits'.

As I crouched lower and lower, I heard his stumbling steps ascend the one flight of stairs; I heard him rush to the window, unclasp the casement, and thrust out his head. I saw the light, matted hair, the watery, blood-shot eyes and coarse, ferocious mouth above me, and, seeing that my terrified gaze was riveted, he nodded, with drunken gravity, and shook his fist, crying:

"Bide there! If ye roam away, I'll have ye sought for, and then——"

The wind sweeping over the fells dashed up to the stone house and slammed the window in his face, and a volley of curses mingled with the shrieking blast. I uttered a sigh of relief, reckless of the storm which raged, wrapped my arms in my frock, and stared out at the driving rain again.

Almost as long as I could remember we had lived in this wretched place. Sometimes faint recollections haunted me of a happier time, of a sunny, splendid country, very different from this wild region, of a gentle face that I used to pat, a sad voice speaking my name softly; but these things were getting fainter every day, and the all-absorbing present was steadily effacing the beautiful past. And what was the present?

In a wild country my father was known as one "oot o' t' 'rect road a'together," even among the rough yoemen with whom the sin of intemperance was unfortunately not unfrequent. No well-to-do person would associate with us; the statesmen, as we called the small landowners, among whom his place should have been, cut him whenever they met; the parson had borne long with him, but at last had sternly desired him to keep from kirk. No child dared invite me home, or "yon girt idle seeght ud be clattering after." Of the awful days and nights spent alone with him in that dismal house I cannot speak. For years after there were times when I used to spring from sleep with a hard beating heart, thinking my childhood back again, thinking I was waiting for the furious drunkard with his mad blasphemy, his cruelty—which was sometimes wreaked on my shuddering frame, oftener still on himself, with threats of murder and suicide. Those lurid forms often hovered round me, and usurped the dreams of childhood. I have been well seasoned in horror; my father attempted both those crimes.

I remained outside the door till dusk grew into darkness, and then, as all within appeared to be quiet, I opened the door, which was only "snecked,," neither bolt nor bar being often used.

I entered timidly. Shadows covered the wall, a few embers from a half burnt log glowed in the open fireplace, an iron pot fallen from the crook lay overturned close by, the water from it flowed across the flagged floor. I looked round carefully; no one was visible, the place still quiet. We were always alone, for not a lass from the whole country-side would come to live under our roof. Drenched with rain, I crept to the few embers, and knelt down and laid my clay-cold hands upon the still warm wood. Before I went up stairs I had to listen to know whether the drunkard was still awake, or stertorously snoring off his late debauch; and I was not only cold but hungry. I recollected there was a bit of Easter-cake in the cupboard—before my father went out that morning he had bought some of the old woman who carried round a basket of them every Easter-day.

I was feeling on the shelf for this, when a wild shouting came up the valley, and gradually drew nearer to the house. I went on searching, thinking the noise would pass away, and the men who made it not come up the hill-side as far as our house—for few visitors troubled us—when loud, prolonged calls on my father's name, the tramp of iron-soled boots, and a certain yell which could proceed only from "feckless Wullie's" lungs of leather, made me drop the cake and pause, trembling. Such an apprenticeship of terror as I had served had hardened my nerves, and made me superior to most childish fears; but "feckless Wullie, daft Wullie," who could "fetch off" the strongest dalesman in our parts, was a very real terror to me.

"Nivver stuk th' door mon," was shouted, "bud oppen i' th' name o' th' kirk! We'se called for parson's dues. Ye hanna ped tithe this year an' more, but we'se tied t' hae th' Easter-eggs on ye."

With an effort I shot the bolt, and then mounted a chair and peered from the window. Yes, at least half a dozen dim figures capered about outside, accompanying the tithe proctor on his rounds. One battered at the door, one reeled about in a rude dance—all were hoarse with shouting, drinking, and rough play. The tallest and sulkiest suddenly blundered forward, raised a mighty fist, and smashed in the window that I was looking through, notwithstanding that it was made of thick bottle-glass with a knob in the centre. I had just time to spring to the ground, when its fragments showered down on me, cutting my hand and neck.

"Now wilt oppen th' door, thor daft lass?" roared Willie, partly it seemed with pain, and partly anger. "A be a gay kitch customer to deal wi', an' a'll mak' ye rue a 'thisn."

He appeared at the window, and crammed his bleeding fist into his mouth, roaring again with his self-inflicted pain. Great Heaven, what should I do, a helpless child, with brutality and intoxication on each side? But for the man up-stairs, I would have let them force the door, pillage the house as they would, and make my escape by a small side window to the fells, trusting to the darkness and my own fleetness of foot to save me from pursuit, but somehow, though all feeling for my father was mingled with loathing and dread, some instinctive clinging to the one person who owned me, some instinctive dog-like fidelity to a helpless man, made it impossible to leave him—most likely insensible—at the mercy of this band of drink-inflamed men. If, as often, he was in a sottish sleep, the rough humor might take them to kick him to death with their heavy clogs in their efforts to waken him, or, if he was awake and furious, why, Heaven help us, murder might be done!

Yet, if I remained, they might force the door; for tough as was the oak of it, and ponderous as was the rusty bolt, they would never withstand the united assault of six hardy dalesmen nerved by drink—if drink is necessary to nerve a Cumberland yeoman, when his slow but indomitable mind is once fairly set on an object. I was but an ignorant little savage, and never questioned if their proceedings were lawless or not. Easter dues were given by every one; I believed they might be exacted. Long custom sanctioned the extortion, yet law and dalesmen combined should never force me to open the door to daft Willie and his crew. I attempted a parley, lifting my small shrill voice from the middle of the dark room.

"If I give you the eggs through the window, will you go? Father's asleep, and cannot be disturbed."

"Shoo! Eggs, saidst th'? That's gay fine talkin' an' we het an drouthy wi' th' tramp here! Call thy feyther, thou saucy quean, we'se coom to drink a glass neeborlike wi' him." And they shook the door again, shouting "Paul Massey, thou danged tule, coom down an' oppen th' door; this lass o' thine is gone clear datt!"

The noise they made might have awakened the dead; the closed door infuriated them. Drunken scenes of violence were common at these collecting-times; one seemed inevitable now. My blood froze, hearing their threats and imprecations; but I stood firm, resolved not to admit them. If the bolt yielded now, my life was not safe.

In the midst of the hubbub a light shone, and to my unspeakable horror my father came guiding himself down the rickety stairs. The candle lit his pale-blue glistening eyes, his ash-white puffed face, and shaking white hands, one of which held the quavering light and the other an iron bar; his clothes, of rough frieze, were torn and soiled, his eyes fixed expectantly on the street door.

It was useless to speak to him now—it would be madness for me to come in his way. He was at his very worst—insane with drink for the time. I shrank back, and his eyes never moved in their strained glare, as, softly creeping to the door, he set down the candle, and, supporting himself by the wall, stooped to the bolt.

Then I turned and fled, forcing my small body through the window which looked on to the fells, and taking that way to the Hope Pass for the sake of the wider range in case of pursuit.

After a while I ceased running, and paused. The shouts, the oaths and yells which followed the opening of that door yet rang in my ears—I knew a terrible scene was being enacted down there. Only one thing was in my power to do, and that was to seek out some of the more respectable of the men who farmed the dales, and get them to come and prevent murder, if there was yet time for that. Johnnie Hope was the nearest. I took that direction, and set off again at headlong speed—ran, and stumbled and fell, and picked myself up again, bruised and panting and bleeding, to fly on again till my frantic course was checked by the sight of an approaching light—a lantern held low towards the ground.

"Holloa! Who goes there?" called out a voice; and, as mine was gone, and only hard panting breath answered my efforts to speak, I advanced slowly to meet two people—so I judged by the sound of voices—who came towards me, holding the light so that it must have exhibited my young distracted face in its full forlornness. For my part, my wild eyes found out that—unlooked-for joy!—one of the men before me was Mr. Thurston, the only doctor Garthdale boasted.

"Why, isn't it Massey's little lass now! Is there anything up at the house? Sit down and be quiet for a moment, Sylvia, and get breath again. No, I wont hear you yet." He put off my clutching hands, for I was wild to speak, seated me on the ground, and drew off a little.

"Look at the poor child's face, Thurston—it's dreadfully cut!" observed the other man, as they watched me for a few moments; and the next instant he was kneeling by me, and wiping off the blood with his handkerchief.

"Ay, I dare say," said Thurston indifferently. "It's poor Sylvia, the luckless child of a ne'er-do-weel drunkard in these parts."

"Is there no one to protect her from violence like this?" cried the fresh indignant voice which struck me as so different from any I had yet heard. I turned my eyes on the speaker, and saw a young sympathetic face which looked sorry for me, as Thurston answered:

"Why, no, it's a sad case; but generally the child suffers more from terrorism than actual cruelty, I fancy."

"This is a nice country, this mountain-land of yours!"

"Ay, my good fellow; but this Massey happens not to be a Cumberland man. He is, or was, a rank cockney, and came here six or seven years ago. Now you may speak, Sylvia."

"Daft Willie did this, Mr. Thurston," I said, looking up. "He and a lot o' men have come for the Easter-gifts, and father's been down to 'The Willing Mind' all day. I bolted the door against 'em, and father came down and opened it—and he's mad to-night, you know, and they too."

"Ay," answered the country doctor carelessly, "nothing unusual, I suppose. These tithe-proctors, Denis, always bring rough play with them. If you stay with me, as I want you, I'll show you Cumberland life among the dales. Look here, Sylvia—you run on to Johnnie Hope's, and tell them I sent you. They'll keep you all night; and your father won't miss you if he's drunk, you know."

"Oh, sir, won't you go back with me to father?" I cried earnestly. "There'll be harm done to-night, I'm sure. He's been hunting me from room to room afore, 'cause I fired off the gun he loaded."

"I can't come now, Sylvia. I'll look in presently. You run on to Hope's, and I'll see to your father. Come, Denis, we must get on quickly if you want to see your uncle alive."

The young man lingered yet another minute.

"Don't go home, Sylvia," he said kindly. "Do as Mr. Thurston tells you, and I'll see that he looks in upon your father on our way back to night."

He patted my head, and, with the momentary hope of help gone, with dull despair again heavy on my breast, I watched them disappear, the lantern casting eccentric circles of light from side to side.

No, I would not go to Johnnie Hope's. What would be the use? I had failed to make the doctor see the peril I dreaded, and therefore it is not likely that any one else would listen. As for sleeping there, that also I would not do. I was a neglected, abused child; but Heaven only knew how it had happened. The pride which cursed my life enabled me to endure more than ordinary troubles courageously and without "plainin." I could find shelter from the night, bitter as it was, under some overhanging rock, but I could not beg for shelter from the Hopes, where the children were loved, warmed, and sheltered by their parents.

The mere contact with two persons who were neither drunk nor violent nor frightened had subdued some of my late pain. Perhaps Mr. Thurston was right—this drunken brawl need have no different termination from many others. My father would be bruised and battered, and would be forced to keep quiet from sheer inability to move; and sometimes I had hailed those days after a carouse as blessedly peaceful. Thinking thus, I found myself rapidly retracing my steps, intending to proceed warily notwithstanding, and ascertain the whereabouts of my father's companions, especially to see if daft Willie had quitted the scene. Again the square stone house stood before me, dimly defined in the dark night; but no sound, no glimmer of light betrayed the presence of living creature about the place.

Perhaps my father had gone away with his boon companions, accompanied them back again to "The Willing Mind"—nay, he might—as he had sometimes done before, when inclined for a regular bout—be taking up his quarters there for a day or two. At any rate the coast seemed clear for me to enter, mount to my garret, which I thankfully remembered possessed a bolt—release myself from my rags, which were heavy with mud and water, and sleep.

Why did I linger in the garden? The wind was not high now; a pale, watery moon had once or twice peered through the parted clouds; the rain fell only softly, except when the gale bore it against the house in wild gusts. But for that, only sobbing murmurs filled the air where an hour ago the tumultuous elements tore down the narrow passes, and the mountains seemed to rave more like tortured souls than anything else.

The door was closed. I lifted the latch and passed the threshold of the dark, silent house, and—my foot slipped! An unutterable horror seized upon me. I muttered through my clenched teeth:

"It is the water I saw spilt before—it is nothing else!"

I groped hurriedly for the matches, and struck a light; but the match fell to the ground as I saw—oh, Heaven!—that my father's body lay across the threshold, and that my foot must have slipped in a dark stream which formed little pools between the flags of the floor.

Oh, what a sight was that on which the moon cast one ghastly look through the shattered window, and then hurried off to hide herself behind a cloud. Did I dream? Could that be my father? I shuddered from head to foot, my head burned like fire, a thousand lights danced before my starting eyes, freezing cold and burning heat alternately clutched my heart; then the blessed wind—the pure wind from Heaven—blew in freshly upon me, and my brain was eased. A great human wave of sorrow, agony and pity swept across my mind; it drove away the cowardly fear which might have turned me into a lunatic; it stayed my flying feet; it brought back before me in an instant days when my father was gentle—days when I had seen him in bitter sadness; it reminded me that the prostrate form was erect and strong that very morning, and now I had nothing more to fear from his violence.

I lit a candle, pushed back against the wall some of the broken furniture, which gave terrible evidence of the wild struggle there had been—dragged down, with difficulty, one of the thin old mattresses from a bed-room, procured water, knelt down beside the fearful figure, and dashed it on to the pale face, scarcely hoping to bring back life again, so fearfully apparent were his injuries even to my inexperienced eyes.

The night went on; my vigil was undisturbed. I knew now that my father was not dead; a convulsive shudder shook him from time to time; his eyes had opened wildly on me, but he had not spoken. He lay still on the floor—my strength was not sufficient to move him on to the mattress—but his poor head was pillowed softly. It was impossible for me to leave him, and it would have been but little use. I knew the doctor was out of reach, and the clergyman, who ought to have been by the dying sinner's poor body, lived far on the other side of the mountain ridge. My father had laid his hand on mine and muttered:

"Don't leave me!"

After that I would not stir.

There was little to do for him; his wounds were chiefly about the head, and far beyond my binding; I could only wipe away the blood which trickled down his face, press a wet cloth to his burning brow, drop a little water between his parched lips, while listening to the low, incessant moans which broke from him.

That awful night no creature came near us. I guessed that the bar which had been at first his weapon had been wrested from his grasp and turned against him; his murderers had fled, but that accursed thing lay at a little distance from us. When I moved away the other things, I tried to efface some of the red traces of the fight, that had escaped my notice; but, sitting by my dying parent the light of the heavy-wicked candle found out the sinster object as it lay in the shadows under the broken table, and a painful fascination drew my eyes to it.

At length the moaning ceased. I wondered whether this was death, but, strange to say, the insensibility which fell on him more resembled sleep. I sat in such a position that I could not rise without disturbing him, and I knew not how time went till I started at the sound of my name pronounced faintly, but clearly.

"Yes, father," I answered, bending over him.

"Water!" he gasped hoarsely. "My throat is on fire! Listen," he went on, when he was refreshed—"I have something to say before I die. It came into my head, in spite of all the pain, as I watched you just now. You have not—not left me to die alone, and, though I'm going fast, I'll have my say first, though there's only you to listen. Lift me up a little—I am stifled."

I supported him in my arms. Wonderful strength was given me by despair and compassion.

"Is that better, father?"

"I am not your father!" gasped the dying man; and, as his eyes met mine, they exhibited neither wandering nor intoxication.

"Not my father?" I repeated mechanically.

"No—he is dead. He injured me, and I stole you for revenge, and brought you as my child here, where I was unknown."

Minutes went by unnoticed; I pressed my hand over my eyes to see if I was dreaming, and looked back again at the ghastly face to see if indeed he knew what he was saying.

"Ah," he groaned, "children soon forget! If I could have only forgotten as easily! Seven years have blotted out all her past life, while mine is still fresh; and yet, child"—turning his heavy eyes on me—"when I first brought you here, I beat you often enough to make you call me 'daddy.' A proud-spirited little creature you were. I think—there is no time to lose—I will say the names over that you must have been accustomed to hear—'Italy,' 'Venice,' 'papa,' 'Jessa.' There's another name, but—no, by Heaven, I cannot say that!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By Cable.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

The first six months of our married life passed like a dream. Imagine a husband who is a lover, and a dear friend who is both; and that would be my husband Gerald Carruthers. I was *so* happy; till one miserable Wednesday when he came home about two o'clock, and said he must start at five to catch the steamer which was to sail the next morning from Liverpool to New York. There was no help for it, so he went.

He went away for a month, and he stayed three. Business was going wrong. What business? He never told me. That's the way with men. Suppose we want money, and say it's for dress; they'd ask directly: "What dress? what do you want it for? what sort do you want? why won't what you have do? what is it to be made of? what color will it be?" and all sorts of other foolish questions about what they never *can* understand; but let us ask "what business?" and they laugh, or get angry.

He returned at last, looking old and careworn, and from that moment his habits changed. And he turned so stingy, too, though every one said he was coining money. When baby came, he brightened up, and I must say was very tender and thoughtful until I was about again. Then he went back to his old bad ways. Always at the office—always thinking business. He never made love to me now. He left me alone to think; and I thought many things Emily Dodd said. Amongst others she told me when I was fretting about him during that voyage, that he was sure to have a splendid time of it on board, because somebody's blondes—I don't remember whose; a lot of painted burlesque creatures—were his fellow passengers; she had seen their names in the newspaper; Kitty this, and Polly that, and Susie someone else, who had been talked of in connection with him before we were engaged. I did not mind at first, but when he altered so, and would not say why he went to America, or what sort of business kept him there, I accused him point blank. He got red and white with anger, and asked me how I dared. It is not wise to ask a wife how she dares, when affection is at the bottom of her daring, and so I let him know.

Well, we went on from bad to worse, till one horrid day, about a year after his trip to America and back—shall I ever forget it!—when I returned from a walk with baby, and found that he had been home and packed his trunks, leaving a message—not a note, but a message, if you please, with a servant—that he would not be home for two days. I went up to his room, by instinct, I suppose, and there in the fireplace, crumpled up, I saw one of those horrid yellow telegram papers. Something told me that it would be the clue to his sin, and my disgrace. I opened it, and my head swam as I read this:

"Susie, Baby. Immediately. Liverpool."

Could fair words tell the horror more plainly? Susie and her baby would be at Liverpool, where his presence was required immediately; at Liverpool, where the steamers from New York arrive! on a Monday, when most of them are due—I knew that, for how I had counted the hours for him!

It was half-past four. The express would leave at five. If I could catch it, and face him on the threshold of his infamy! I stopped a carriage, and promised the driver half-a-sovereign if he took me there in time. You know how a cabman will go through dirty, narrow streets for short cuts, and so we got there in time.

I took the train, and in due time we reached Liverpool. The train stopped, the people rushed off to the refreshment rooms, and as the guard (who had been very civil heretofore) did not come to see if I wanted anything, I leaned out of the window to ask some one to call him. There was a group of three passengers standing close by, and I had got as far as: "Oh, would you mind——," when one of them cannoned through the other two, and before you could say trap-stick! Gerald was sitting opposite me, and all my appetite was gone.

"Why, Mab——," he began, but checked himself. "Where have you been? what has happened? Is anything wrong? Where are you going?"

"I really cannot undertake to answer so many questions all at once," I replied, with a vulgar sniggle.

"It is all one question," he said gravely, "what are you doing?"

"Business, my dear," said I.

The imitation of his tone and gesture was perfect, and I put one of my own mocking smiles at the tail end of it for a sting.

"I think upon reflection you will consider that hardly a proper manner of replying to your husband, Mabel," getting graver and graver.

"It is one which my husband has so often used to me that I suppose I have adopted it unconsciously. Imitation is said to be the severest sort of flattery," said I.

"You know perfectly well that you are talking nonsense," he answered. "As you do not appear to have sufficient respect for me to answer a simple question, I shall show you that I have some respect for myself by not repeating it."

He was looking so well, so bright and handsome, and, with all his wickedness, spoke so like a gentleman, I almost began to relent, but the thought, "what has brightened him up?" set my teeth, and hardened my heart.

I therefore drew the cablegram from my pocket, and said:

"Read that!"

"Where did you find this?" he asked, in a quick, sharp voice, as though he were speaking to a clerk.

"In your room, under the fireplace; you thought you had burned it, but not a word is obliterated:

"Susie, Baby, Immediately, Liverpool."

"You should not bring such things to the house, Gerald," I went on, with perfect composure, and the deadliest smile. "You should keep them at the office."

"I should, indeed!" he replied, half to himself.

"I saw you start for Liverpool *immediately*," I resumed. "I meet you coming back from Liverpool."

"Is—it—possible," he almost gasped, "that—you followed me, for this?" picking the yellow paper with his nail.

"Well, yes," said I. "I cared enough to try and save you from—yourself. But don't be afraid; I won't do so again."

By this time the train had started again, and, as good fortune willed, we were alone in the carriage. He sank back into his seat, pale as a sheet, and trembling all over.

"We will not pursue this subject," he said. "If ever it is reopened, it will be by you."

Not another word passed our lips till we got home. After dinner—such a dinner!—I said:

"Pray do not let me detain you from—business."

"Thank you," he replied. "I have nothing to do to-night."

"Nor I either," I followed; "so, with your permission I will go and do it in my room."

I left him, with a sweeping courtesy, and he replied with one of his stateliest bows.

The next morning I noticed a dirty old book on the drawing-room table—a greasy, much-thumbed thing that I hardly dared to touch. Thinking that one of the servants had left it there by mistake, I rang to have it taken away. No one owned it, and "If you please, ma'am," said Roberts, the butler, "I think it belongs to master, and is a sort of dictionary he has for things at his office, and that." When he left the room I opened it; and sure enough it was a sort of dictionary, but what a queer one! The page at which I opened it had a row of names belonging to vegetables, thus:

Artichoke.	Cabbage.
Asparagus.	Cauliflower.
Beetroot.	Cucumber, and so on.
Beans.	

Against these, in a parallel column, was printed:

Vessel insured.	Vessel insured, but not the cargo.
Vessel fully insured.	Cargo insured, but not the vessel.
Vessel and cargo insured.	Cargo partly insured.

A little further on was a list of furniture:

Table.	Chair.	Sofa, etc., etc., etc.	

The again my eye fell on a page headed "Nursery," followed by

Baby.	Boy.	Coral.
Bassinet.	Caudle.	Cradle.

My dears, if you don't see it all now, you are duller than I take you to be. It flashed upon me like a—like a new fashion. It was a secret code for telegraphing! The next turn down was at a page full of women's pet names: Annie, Bessie, Carrie, Effie, Florrie, down to *Susie*; and what do you think Susie stood for? It's not a bit of good your trying to guess. It stood for Number one spring wheat, and Annie was white corn, and Bessie yellow corn, and Florrie, if you'll believe me—potatoes!

So after a little trouble I translated that cablegram over which I had nearly broke my heart, thus:

"Susie (No. 1 Spring Wheat) Baby (large supplies on hand) Immediately (prices falling) Liverpool (cable orders at once.)

No. I'm not going to tell you how I eat my humble-pie. I made it big and bitter. Toads and snails and puppy dogs' tails were delicacies in comparison with the ingredients I put in, for, oh! how I hated myself. But I had hardly swallowed one mouthful when he folded me in his arms, and said:

"Darling, it's more than half my fault. I ought to have taken you into my confidence, and told you why I was so apparently neglectful of you, and so pre-occupied."

"And isn't there any Susie?" I interrupted.

"Lord bless you! Shiploads of her!" he replied, in triumph. "That was my grand *coup*. I cabled back: 'Buy all you can get,' and rushed off to sell for the rise that was sure to come on account of the war."

I think he let me off very easy—bless him! but don't you 'girls rush at conclusions as I did, and think you're going to get off as well. Many a husband would have made me eat all that humble-pie up to the last bitter scrap, and not have given me anything for years to take the taste of it out of my mouth.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To Cleanse Brass.—To clean and polish dirty and tarnished brass, dip the article for a short time in a strong hot aqueous solution of caustic alkali, rinse in water, dip for a few moments in nitric acid diluted with an equal volume of water, rinse again, and finish with whiting.

Heat and Electricity.—In a lecture recently delivered by an eminent scientist, on the utilization of heat, he showed how heat can be made to do a greater amount of heat than ever by means of electricity. Evidently the best means of employing the available forces for work have not yet been put into use, and the neglect of wind, water and tide power is surprising when the whole subject is considered.

Shrinkage in Flannel.—To prevent the shrinkage of flannel, a French manufacturer has found high pressure steam of great value. He folds the flannel loosely and puts it in a box containing a perforated bottom, through which superheated steam is admitted; the latter enters the fabric with a force that fixes the fibre of the wool in such a manner that fulling as well as washing causes no shrinking.

Imitation Mother-of-Pearl.—The imitation of mother-of-pearl is somewhat difficult. It is made on glass, and contains a gelatine layer with a concentrated solution of some salt. Several salts may be chosen for this purpose, such as white vitriol, epsom salts, etc. After the crystallization of this salt solution, and when dry, essence of pearls is spread over the whole. The latter material is made from the exceedingly fine and silvery shining belly scales of the bleak, which are scraped off and washed out thoroughly. To the gelatine layer thus prepared a coat of glue is applied, and the article is complete.

Baits for Insects.—An officer of the Paris Jardin des Plantes reports on baits for insects that beer and water caught 850 flies and other winged creatures, pure beer 631. Crushed pears, weak wine, and pure wine came next in the order given, and pure honey at the bottom of the list, with only seventeen victims. This would seem to disprove the literal truth of the old saying—correct as it is in its moral—that "we may catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a gallon of vinegar." No doubt, however, the odor of the beer, which was in a highly fermented state, had much to do with attracting the flies.

Poison Ivy.—The following is said to be a specific against the poison ivy quite common in all parts of the country: Bromine should be dissolved in olive oil, cosmoline or glycerine, in the strength of ten to twenty drops of bromine to an ounce of oil, and the mixture rubbed gently on the affected part three or four times a day. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours from its preparation. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, and it promptly disappears within twenty-four hours if the application is persisted in, and the patient is entirely cured.

Rosin and Beer.—The veteran temperance leader Neal Dow has published a letter in which the serious physiological results attending the use of beer containing rosin are dwelt upon at considerable length. He neglects, however, to offer any evidence that brewers ever use rosin in the manufacture of beer. He, like many others, labors under the erroneous impression that every article embraced in brewers' supplies is somehow made an ingredient of beer. Rosin, however, is only used for coating the insides of beer barrels to prevent the escape of the gas or "life" of the beer, a purpose for which it would be useless were it not insoluble in beer.

FEMININITIES.

A woman's modesty is like her color—exceedingly becoming if it is not put on.

As it is man's destiny to be ruled by woman, he should get one as fit for the task as possible.

The editor of a Western paper, who has been married but a few days, inquires seriously, "Is civil war imminent?" This looks bad.

The man who leaves two-thirds of a cigar in a dark nook on the front porch when he goes in to see his girl, will make a thrifty husband.

The Radicals of London, England, propose to nominate Miss Helen Taylor for Parliament, to test in that way the question of woman's rights.

If the tear of woman passes away lightly, so flutters away yet more lightly her smile; and the latter, still oftener than the former, is only appearance.

They do not wait for leap year in Java, but if a young woman is in want of a husband, she places an empty flowerpot on the roof of the front portico as a sign.

A gentleman had occasion to advertise for a cook, and among other applications was one from a "young lady" of the profession, enclosing her carte de visite!

At a wedding recently, when the clergyman asked the lady, Will thou have this man for thy husband? she replied, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, "If you please."

In a late work on suicide, it is said that marriage is to a certain extent a preventive of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that two thirds of the men who commit suicide are bachelors.

A Canadian clergyman lately sued a young man whom he had married, for his wedding fee, which he stated at $15. The jury found for the defendant on the ground that the youth had received no appreciable value!

Young lady, just commencing lessons in painting—"Look here, ma; see my painting. Can you tell what it is?" Ma, after looking at it some time—"Well, it's either a cow or a rosebud—I am sure I can't tell exactly which of the two."

Said a jocose old fellow: "My wife tells the truth three times a day. Before rising in the morning, she says, 'Oh, dear! I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast, she says, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to.' And she goes to bed saying, 'There! I've been on the move all day, and haven't done anything.'"

A young woman residing in the neighborhood of Headley, England, recently rose in her sleep, took a carving-knife from the kitchen, proceeded to the fowl house and cut off the heads of six fine cocks and hens, afterwards slaughtered five pet rabbits, and then wound up her somnambulistic exploits by mortally stabbing a donkey.

Says a religious exchange: "When you choose a wife, young man, do not go it blind; but proceed prayerfully, quietly, calmly and considerately to find out her faults and foibles, likes and dislikes." Good as far as it goes; but what the young man wants to know is, how he can manage to stack up all this information unless he marries the girl beforehand.

There died a few days ago at Hartford, Conn., a man of clouded intellect, who for the last thirty years had done nothing—his considerable means enabling him to live at leisure—but walk up and down the streets, removing carefully from the sidewalks all stray pieces of orange peel and banana skin. In early life his lady love broke her leg by slipping on a piece of orange peel, and eventually died from the effects of the accident. This affected his mind and led to the above-mentioned unselfish occupation during the remainder of his life.

A considerable speculative movement in quinine is now in progress. New York agents have been picking up lots eagerly, and the price has had a sharp advance. The supply of bark has been short for the last eighteen months, and it is said that the Philadelphia manufacturers are behind on their regular contracts.

A New York dressmaker employs three men cutters, goes to Paris for styles every season, owns a house for which she paid $35,000, and keeps her carriage and horses. She has made her way entirely herself.

Think a minute before you speak, and a day before you promise. Hasty promises bring speedy repentance.

A Fox Trap:

Or The Discomfitted Rabbit.

BY M. VESTALL.

I know you have not heard this queer story.

It was told by a plantation hand, to the white youngsters from the "great-house," and to the little black chickabiddies, assembled in Aunt Phillishee's cabin.

It was all about a sly Fox, who lived in the woods, overlooking a little village, and of a neighboring Rabbit who thought herself clever.

They lived peacefully enough, except that occasionally, the Fox would betray his nature, greatly to the annoyance of the Rabbit.

The Rabbit owned a little spring, and it was very clear and sparkling.

The Fox would stir up the sandy bottom, so that when the Rabbit came for her customary beverage, it was rather unpalatable.

This occurred once too often, and the Rabbit studied how she might punish her sly neighbor.

So she hopped around the meadows, and through the fields, until she came to a long-legged scarlet and ebony scarecrow, which looked as if it had gone through many a hard battle with the dark armies of crows.

She thought it very unattractive but it gave her an idea.

"Have you a little brother any where near?" said the Rabbit to the Scarecrow.

Just then a gust of wind turned the grotesque figure, and it spun around in tee-to-tum fashion, then stopping short, it pointed his one ragged finger to a plaster-cast establishment on the edge of the village.

So she hopped to the image maker, and begged of him a little boy. Then she hurried to the pine forest, where some men were gathering pitch and making tar, and prevailed upon them to give her image a sticky coating: this satisfied the Rabbit, but the boy looked funny beyond telling.

Hopping back to the spring, she sat her tar-boy down, and hiding herself in the bushes, awaited the approach of Master Fox.

He came at the usual hour, and seeing the boy, bent his head in salutation, and at the same time stretching out his paw, bade him "good morning."

The little fellow stared, but said not a word in return or offered his hand.

"Oh!" said the Fox, "you need not be so stubborn about it, if you don't want to shake hands with me, I am quite indifferent," and he commenced to muddy up the spring.

The boy looked at him wistfully with his great eyes, the Fox desisted, and stepping forward, offered his paw once more.

The boy was obstinately unresponsive, and stood staring and grinning in impish muteness and unconcern; this excited the anger of Master Fox.

"If you don't give me your hand you little rascal," said he, "I will give it a squeeze that will *make* you speak; my claws are as sharp as needles."

So saying he approached the grinning image and rudely grasped his smutty hand. His paw stuck fast, and he tried to withdraw it.

"Now this is impudence itself," said the Fox, "release my hand if you please, or if you persist in retaining it, I have another one, and if I strike will make your ears sing."

The imp made no sign of reply.

The Fox drew back and struck with all his might, and so both hands were imprisoned.

"Let go my hands," he pleaded, "why should you grasp them so tight, I only meant to be civil. Why did you provoke me to strike. Come now be a good boy and let me go, I assure you by all that is honorable that I will trouble you no more."

The grinning blackamoor looked at him with seeming defiance, and held on tighter than ever.

"Well then," said the Fox, "you must bear the consequence of your stubbornness. I have two good feet; now then, take what you deserve," and he gave him a fearful kick. His foot however became imbedded in the coating and stuck tight.

"Ah that is your game is it? I have not exhausted all my powers yet. The next kick will send you sprawling and yelling on the grass," so the Fox struck out with all the force he could muster, and that foot was as fast as the other.

"Now then, my boy, you think to hold me, but you are absurdly mistaken. There is my tail as strong and rough as any cow-hide ever made. It will cut you to the bone."

So saying he gave his tail a tremendous jerk. It wrapped him as closely and sank as deeply as any cat-o nine-tails, but not with the effect intended. His tail was caught in the same trap with the rest of his limbs and held tight.

The Fox foaming with rage, commenced besting him with his forehead, or in his own words tried to butt him down, but this butting had no other effect than to make the boy cling all the closer.

"I can use my teeth," said he grinding them furiously, "they are as sharp as daggers. I'll eat your heart out, see if I don't," and he commenced to gnaw.

The boy held on with the tenacity of a butcher's dog, while the Fox champed his teeth and hissed with rage, but they soon became sticky and his tongue foul. His conceit was by this time nearly all worried away.

The Rabbit was all the while looking on from his hiding place, and enjoying the discomfiture of Master Fox, and when she became aware of his utter exhaustion, she went out slyly from the thicket, and suddenly springing before him like Jack-in-the-box caught him by the ear and chuckled triumphantly.

The Fox was ready to die with rage and mortification. "I've got you now," said the Rabbit. "Choose—would you rather be singed or ducked or gagged."

"You may burn me and this piece of impertinence with me. He is stupid and foul, and the odor is abominable. The sooner you commence the better," said the wily Fox.

So the Rabbit brought enormous armsful of brush and dried grass, and piling it high around the pair, tossed in a firebrand.

The flames blazed up in fine style.

"Whew! it's getting hot," said the Fox as the tar commenced to trickle in great clots to the ground.

In a moment the Fox felt the boy releasing his hold, and springing like a cat over the barriers of sticks and stubble, up the hill he flew to the woods. He scampered so fast, that you could see very little of him except the black smudge, or the tip of his white tail, bobbing up and down in the distance.

Only once he turned, and lifting up his paw, shouted to the amazed Rabbit, "Always look my friend before you leap. I was born in a brushpile."

But still *that* Fox never troubled that Rabbit's spring any more.

Sophy Elliott's Pride.

BY KATHARINE WILLIAMS.

"I suppose you expect perfect happiness?" said Mrs. Merriam.

"I am not quite so irrational," returned Sophy. "How could you imagine such a thing? Have I not always been told that perfect happiness is not to be expected on earth? And then you know, Mrs. Merriam, I am such a matter-of-fact personage."

"Are you?" said Mrs. Merriam, surveying her with a gaze of mingled weariness and compassion. Poor woman! she always looked weary and worn out. "It will be all the better for you. I was so different myself; the future looked so golden to me; I found the disenchantment so much the more bitter."

"It is of no use for us old people to moralize to her," said Mrs Brent, Sophy's mother. "Youth will not moderate its expectations, talk as wisely as we may. It must learn by experience, just as we did."

The wedding was to take place in a few days. Sophy's parents did not regard it with quite unmixed delight, though they welcomed Charles kindly for their daughter's sake.

But the case was this: A year or eighteen months before there had been another suitor, and no one who knew her could ever guess why Sophy Brent should not have fancied him. Henry Harvey was good-looking, he was intelligent, he was agreeable, he was rich. Mr. and Mrs. Brent were greatly pleased; but Sophy would not have him. She used every means to ward off a proposal; and when, in spite of her, it came, declined it with a positiveness that forbade all hope of reconsideration. And then, as Mrs. Brent said to her husband, it seemed as if the very spirit of perverseness did possess the child; for no sooner did Charles Elliott begin to manifest an interest in her society, than her whole demeanor underwent a change. No longer proud, and distant, and self-possessed, but shy, gentle, blushing as any other girl in love. And Charles Elliott had just nothing at all, unless one reckoned his profession as a barrister, to which he had never chosen to pay very strict attention. He was a little unsteady too.

Altogether, it was a match to make prudent parents look very grave. Mr. and Mrs. Brent yielded, however, seeing how fully Sophy's heart was enlisted in the matter. There had been nothing to complain of since in the young man. He applied himself eagerly to his business, was devoted to his betrothed, and was considered by everybody to be doing well.

Henry Harvey, the rejected suitor, meanwhile, did not think himself called upon to break his heart. On the contrary, he had been very soon consoled, and that by Sophy's own cousin, Anastasia.

The weddings were to take place in the same week, though on quite a different scale. Anastasia's father was much the more wealthy of the Brents; and the bridegroom's circumstances being easy, there was nothing to forbid a good deal of parade and style. Sophy's wedding, on the contrary, was quiet in every way, as was most prudent.

Mrs. Brent groaned a little—in spirit, merely, not so loud as to be audible—at sight of Anastasia's fineries of every sort, and particularly as the elegant *parure*, Mr. Harvey's own gift, was exhibited. Sophy might have had all these things just as well as not! But as for the girl herself, she would not have given one fond glance of her lover for all the pearls and diamonds that could be heaped together.

When the young couple came home from their wedding tour, they found Aunt Margaret at the house.

"When do you expect Anastasia, auntie?" inquired the bride.

"I don't know, indeed; there is no talk of their coming back yet. They mean to make a very long pleasure trip."

This jarred a little on Mrs. Brent; from motives of economy, Sophy's tour had been a brief one. She said to herself that Margaret really was very consequential over the affair. She should think, all things considered, she would not be very anxious to talk of Mr. Harvey, or the match, since everybody knew that Anastasia was but the second choice, at any rate. Her sister-in-law, however, did not seem embarrassed by any such remembrance. Mrs. Brent's indignation was complete when she remarked, "Anastasia is afraid she shall come home completely spoiled. Mr. Harvey never seems to consider money in the least where the gratification of her slightest fancy is concerned. She has to scold him, really, for being so extravagant."

"A gentle 'scolding' I presume," said Charles, "suited to the amiable nature of the offence."

"Very likely. But she assures me she is learning to be cautious how she admires anything, since every little heedless remark is treasured up and acted on."

"Quite a bondage, I should think," said Mrs. Brent. "I should not like to be obliged to watch my speech in that way."

When Aunt Margaret had gone home, with Charles for escort, she expressed her opinions yet more clearly.

"Yes," said Sophy, laughing, in answer to the exclamations and inquiries, "I did think the magnificence of Anastasia's match was rather paraded for our benefit. Dear mamma, don't suppose it vexes me. If I could be troubled by such things so early, our prospects would be poor, indeed. I must expect to meet, every day, people who are better off than we are; but those that are happier—never!"

Six months later she would have said the same thing. Charles was all that the fondest, most exacting heart could ask. When even a year had passed, the young wife would have acknowledged no change. But in time two or three matters annoyed her, and she noticed that her wishes had not the influence over him they once had.

If she could have but known it, she possessed in these facts a key to her whole future.

Charles was bent on doing, in all things, precisely as he liked. Not, perhaps of set purpose, but that way his whole nature tended. So long as Sophy's humor chimed with his own, it was very well; so long as he preferred to indulge her wishes, it was also well. But once cross his fancy, and no consideration of right or justice had the slightest claim upon him. He held his own course over every obstacle.

Sophy's acquaintance with this truth was gradually made; but she came at last to understand it fully. Small neglects grew rapidly to large ones. The evening absences became more frequent—her lonely vigils lasted till midnight and beyond. At first there were excuses, proffered with a kiss, and believed in for a time. By-and-by there was no thought of either kisses or excuse.

Grievances of sentiment were now not all that she had to contend with as the years went by. There were trials more obvious, if infinitely less hard. Charles Elliott was indolent by nature. Under the stimulus of a strong passion he had applied himself to work; but as that failed, old habits regained ascendancy. Books, amateur authorship or desultory chit-chat, suited him better than the plodding toil of his profession. His clients often found the chambers locked; or, if he were happily there, a cigar and a French play absorbed him. Many were offended, and removed their papers. There was little satisfaction, even good-natured people said, in employing Elliott. No one cleverer, when he chose; but his thriftlessness would wear out anybody's patience.

Their income dwindled, the furniture grew shabby and was neither repaired nor replaced. Sophy's own wardrobe passed from its bridal gaiety to absolute plainness. Mr. Elliott himself was always well-attired; he did not even lack for little elegances of costume. His cigars and novels, too, were always abundant; nor did he fail of means for any little pleasure-seeking he might chance to fancy.

Sophy had kept her own counsel, eaten her heart in silence. All her duties were fulfilled; she scorned to fail because others had failed towards her. No one, not even the husband, heard one complaint from her lips.

The days and weeks moved on in a dull, leaden routine; there seemed no room for anything that could vary them. Change came, however, in time.

Charles' health failed. Indolence passed into lassitude, and lassitude to serious illness. He took to his bed, and Sophy nursed him dutifully.

One day when she had smoothed his pillows, given him his draught, and performed various little services, all with the same calm, unsmiling face, a strange impulse seized him. He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

The smile came now.

"Don't," she said. "It is quite unnecessary to coax me. I shall take good care of you without that."

He dropped her hand and looked deeply hurt. Let him be, she sternly thought; had she not been so many a time? For the rest, she had not meant to wound him, but simply spoke out her belief.

While Charles Elliott was well and strong, his household life suited him well enough. He might have preferred a tender, lavish-natured little woman, who would have petted and adored him, spite of slights and coolness. But, on the other hand, he had congratulated himself that Sophy gave him no tragedy scenes: she took things quietly. In their married experience there had been no fierce reproaches and recriminations. He had held his own course in his easy, careless fashion, nor troubled himself to inquire what Sophy might be feeling—and she had given no sign. But then the world had been free to him. Now, shut up within these narrow walls, he yearned for something more—for sympathy, tenderness, affection. He was weakened by illness; touched, it may be also, by a better spirit.

He spoke again one day as his wife sat beside him.

"Can this be you?" he asked gently, taking her hand in his once more. "The same Sophy, who used to be so impulsive, so overflowing with love for me?"

At last! The theme was broached between them which had filled her thoughts for years, yet sealed her lips in stubborn silence! She regarded him with a gaze of stern inquiry.

"Whose fault has it been?" she said.

"Mine, I am afraid. I was very guilty. But you never tried to win me back."

"I did not care to do it," she replied. "If you could once leave me—it was enough!"

He shuddered, and was silent; she had nothing more to say. They waited thus awhile, she self-contained, unmoved; he anxious, troubled, yearning.

"Sophy," he broke forth at last, "don't look so at me; your eyes will kill me. Don't you know that I am going to die; can't you feel what that means? I am so sorry for it all. Do pity me and forgive me."

"Of course, I forgive you, since you wish it," she replied, mechanically.

"Not in that voice, with that face! Come closer, Sophy; kiss me. Tell me you can love me a little, after all."

Sophy pressed her hand upon her heart. She sat lost in a dreadful maze of doubt and wonder. How that heart had bled through long years, and yearned to have such words as these, and despaired of ever hearing them! How it would once have leaped in every pulse to welcome them! Cold and harsh it now lay in her bosom, and the sorrowful appeal woke not one answering thrill. She looked on the pale form, conscious how soon it must exchange that couch for the last narrow bed. She felt the same pity with which she must have regarded any doomed and suffering thing—that was all.

Tearless behind her widow's veil, a few week later, she vainly strove to break the horrid calm.

"Would that I could suffer!" she cried, in her despairing thought. "Would that any anguish could melt this icy coldness—I cannot! Better had I been the weakest heart that, deceived and trampled on, can at the first kind word forgive and love! My pride! alas my fatal pride!"

And yet she was not altogether right. She had been too proud, and so far in the wrong; but her husband had been much more, very much more to blame.

Alas! how few are perfect!

How very few are happy?

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.—The sleep of plants, which certainly has a connection with light, is a curiosity in nature. Flowers and leaves of some growths seem to fade at particular hours, the corolla being closed, which after a state of lethargy blows out afresh: in others the flower falls and dies without having closed. In the case of the convolvulus the flower is drawn up at noon. Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, noted hours in which certain plants blow and fade, and thus composed a floral dial, but science has not yet been able to explain these curious relations to light.

Among the singular occurrences of the present season is that there are but four Sundays each in the longest months of July and August, while the shorter months immediately preceding and succeeding have each five Sundays.

He who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He that lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do; so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No. I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married our Rector, Mr. Cartwright, simply because he asked me.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

One morning about that time he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but, though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked, carelessly, when he would start.

He replied, the next day, if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him; as the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

It was full of little remembrances of me, and everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me, and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself into a restless sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day. My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully, if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself, and go and visit some of the poor people of the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened, with burning cheeks, I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he had most loved and cherished.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general, and my own in particular; and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself, on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"In fact, Nelly," said Maud, "I believe you are so much in love with your husband, that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love, as she called it.

The next morning I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for, or so pleased with her first love-letter, as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches. I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool, and with no allusions to my misery.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning, to tell her of my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey; they seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a large town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a carriage to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learnt afterwards that Andrew was in the little drawing-room with his mother when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed to my servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he had been writing, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice falling as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking down on a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling, what is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly.

For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I cannot live without you."

I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go, there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WEEDS AND GRASSES.—It is estimated that the loss to agriculture from the growth of weeds instead of the useful grasses, in pasture and meadow land, is not less than $100,000,000 a year in the United States.

MILK PAINT.—Milk paint for fences or barns is made by mixing water lime with skimmed milk to a proper consistency to apply with a brush. It will adhere well to wood, either smooth or rough, and to brick, mortar or stone, where oil has been previously used.

A TURNIP PEST.—A turnip pest has appeared in Ireland in the shape of an insect a quarter of an inch long, which is preying on the turnip in various counties. In forty-eight hours one field of twelve acres was almost totally destroyed. The worm speedily ravages all the leaves except the centre one, and shows wonderful power of getting over the ground.

CLOVER AND WHEAT.—The roots of clover have a natural tendency to decompose after having produced the plant in perfection, and it is the effect of this decomposition that renders a crop of clover so good a preparation for a growth of wheat. Decay ever furnishes regenerative food, while the roots pierce and divide the soil, loosening the ground.

RIGHT OF PASTURE.—If any man wishes to pasture the roadside adjoining his land—as he has a perfect right to do—let the flock be accompanied by a sufficient escort to protect it from annoyance and his neighbors from damage. If the quarrels and ill will generated among neighbors by this practice could be rightly estimated, they would be found to exceed many fold all the good that comes from it.

ABOUT MILK AND BUTTER.—If milk is colder than the surrounding air, a moisture will be deposited upon the cream, which will be very impure and injure the quality of the butter seriously. A good cow, weighing 1000 pounds, should give 5000 or 6000 pounds of milk, or five or six times her weight, in a season. A good milker must be a good feeder. Give a cow no more salt than she will freely eat. Do not force her to eat more than she craves, but give her all she wants all the time.

STORING POTATOES.—Potatoes may now be kept in heaps in some shady place, and covered with straw. Dampen the straw occasionally, and provide for ventilation at the top of the pit. For winter use, store potatoes in a well ventilated cellar, in bins made of strips of wood with spaces between them. Let the bottom and sides of the bin be made in this manner, the whole resting on legs to raise it from the ground. If economy of space is an object, these bins may be placed one upon another. If too large quantities are not placed in each bin, the potatoes may be kept without any loss in the way of rot.

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BY F. H. G.

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And her lips with kindness blest.

She moves with the grace of a crowned queen
Who walks in a lovely land;
But of all her charms the world has seen,
There is none like her beautiful hand.

And I marvelled much for many a day,
How the world so blind could be,
That it cast all her other charms away,
And only her hand could see:

Until, as I sought a lonely street,
One bitter December eve,
I heard the fall of my lady's feet,
And a sad voice moan and grieve.

And then I saw her muffled form
Draw near to a sightless elf,
And about it wrap, both close and warm,
The shawl she had worn herself.

Then bending her head with a nameless grace
To the beggar's outstretched palms,
She silently gazed in the hungered face
And gave it a queenly alms.

The old child caught at the fingers white,
As though for a fierce demand,
And said, "Oh, what would I give for my sight!
God bless your beautiful hand!"

Since then I marvel no more if the thought
Should go through the length of the land,
And all that is proud of the earth shall have sought
The charm of my lady's hand.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"His work, was it?" Arthur said, bitterly. "Part of his scheme to part us. I do not know his motive, but he shall pay dearly for it some day."

"Were I not leaving England in an hour, Mr. Dallas, it would be you who would pay for your words, and not I," Colonel Leslie said, interposing between them and speaking sternly to Arthur. "By what right do you stay my footsteps thus?"

"By the right of a man to seek his affianced wife," replied the young man, quietly. "By the right I have to refute a slander, and to tell you to your face you lie."

"In what do I lie, or have I lied to you? I told you you were not your aunt's heir! That is no lie!"

"It is, but I am not going to discuss that matter with you. You lied when you told me that this dear girl acquiesced in the wicked design that was to part us! You lied to her when you told her you had seen me in London, and that I was going abroad. You shall answer for your treachery and falsehood before long."

"You are wasting your breath and making a scene," said the Colonel, with a coolness for which Arthur Dallas could have knocked him down. "Will you favor me by releasing my daughter's hand, and leaving us? She is far from well, and your boisterous rudeness is more than she can bear."

"I don't think I shall hurt her!"

"No, oh, no," Mabel said. "Arthur, I felt as though I should die if I didn't see you. I think heaven sent you to give me new life for the voyage. You will not forget me, Arthur?"

The Colonel would have liked to strangle her, and felt the strongest possible inclination to throw Arthur Dallas into the sea, but this was neither the time nor place for a fracas, and anything of the sort would seriously damage Mabel.

One of their fellow passengers was still young and unmarried, with a title in prospect, and there was no knowing what a few weeks' companionship might bring about.

So, being a gentleman, he constrained himself, and tried to be content with the thought that in a little half-hour they would be moving out to sea, and this tiresome young man would be left behind. With five thousand miles of sea and land between the young people, love-making would be impossible, and Mabel would soon learn to forget the tiresome young fellow. He did not quite know Arthur Dallas, nor his daughter either.

"Forget you, my own," the young man answered, as Le pressed the hands he held, and looked into the lovely and loving face, now so thin and pale. "Never while I have life! Only be true to me, my Mabel, and I will follow you in a very little while—follow and bring you back, my darling, for I will clear up this mystery and dispel all this illusion of your father's. I am the heir of Whiteladies. I know it, and you shall share its inheritance with me, be sure of that!"

He strained her to his heart, and kissed her pretty face and quivering lips, regardless that there was any one to see. There were so many partings going on around them—so many standing lip to lip and heart to heart, for the last time, perhaps, on this side of the grave, that the embrace passed unnoticed.

"I will be true to you while I live, Arthur!" she faltered. "If I die and you hear that I am gone, know that my last thought will be of you. Ah, do not leave me, Arthur!" she gasped, as the bell began to ring, and "All on shore!" was shouted loudly. "Stay with me!"

"I cannot, my darling, but I will come after you!" he said, clasping her in his arms again, but the arms with which she held him were relaxing, and the loving eyes closing in a swoon.

The strain had been too great, and her father caught her in his arms.

"You have done mischief enough," he said sternly. "Leave her to me!"

* * * * * *

When Mabel recovered from her swoon there were miles of water between herself and the bonnie English shore, which was fast receding into a streak of coastline, with hills behind it. Arthur Dallas was on the other side of that deep streak of sea, and her father was sitting by her side with a look of relief on his face.

"There's an end of all that nonsense now, Mab," he said. "I am not angry with you, my dear. It was not your fault, but it was shameful of that young hireling to come and make a scene at the last minute."

"Don't talk like that, papa," Mabel said. "There will be no end to the bond between Arthur Dallas and me till our lives end. Please say no more hard words about him. I will not hear them."

"I have said nothing but the truth about him, my girl."

"Yes, you have, papa. You have called him an imposter. He is none. He is an honorable gentleman."

"He is not the heir of Whiteladies, Mab."

"He never said he was till now, papa. I will take his word before yours."

Colonel Leslie shrugged his shoulders and dropped the subject, merely saying:

"You will know some day, Mab."

He trusted to silence and absence doing the work he wanted, and separating his daughter from Arthur Dallas. He did not believe the young man would follow them to India, and he measured Mabel's faith and strength of purpose by his own heart, which certainly held no special love for any human being but himself. He cared for his daughter, of course, but mainly because she was a beautiful, modest girl, who was likely to be useful to him in the way of attracting eligible people to his house, and finally in marrying money, which was the way he always spoke of the matter to himself, the man Mabel selected being of no consequence whatever.

The good ship sped on her way, and Mabel's lost roses came back to her under the bracing influence of the sea air, and her spirits rose again with the recollection that the misery she had come through had been all a mistake—that Arthur was true, and that her father had blundered when he declared him to be a begger and an imposter.

The attentions of the eligible fellow passenger, with the wealth and the prospective coronet, went for nothing, and he was very attentive. There was no room in Mabel's heart for any other image than the one dear face she had left behind.

Colonel Leslie was very wroth, though he deemed it wisest to say nothing. He knew the world well enough to know that pronounced opposition would only feed the flame, and he thought it best to be silent. He would take care that many letters should not pass between the lovers. His daughter should have ample leisure to forget, if the stoppage of her correspondence could assist in bringing about that desirable issue to the affair.

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMONED.

And while Mabel was speeding away over the sea with her new hope in her heart, Arthur Dallas was back at Whiteladies with his aunt, to whom he told all that had passed, and how he had found his darling true as ever, and faithful to the love she had promised him.

"I thought you would," the old lady said. "I did not think I was wrong in my estimate of her. Her father is a—well, they are gone, and we need not talk about them. So you want to follow them, eh, lad?"

There was wonderful tenderness in her tone, and a singular softness in her manner, and Arthur remembered how often he had noticed both of late.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"Wait till I am gone, Arthur."

"Till you are gone, auntie?"

"Yes, dear, just that. The time is drawing near, they tell me."

He was so amazed at her words that for a minute he could find nothing to say in reply. He saw the change in her face now that had never struck him before, and marked how thin her hands were, and how transparent the skin on the beautiful aged face.

"You won't have long to wait," she said gently. "Nay, Arthur, never take it like that," for the young man's lips were quivering, and tears were standing in his eyes. "Will you miss the old woman so much?"

"Should I miss my mother? Don't I owe everything in the world to you? But surely, auntie dear, you are looking at things too gravely. If you are not well it does not follow that you may not get better."

"At my age serious illness seldom has any other meaning," she said with a smile. "I am not nervously frightening myself. I have asked more doctors than one. I have been to the first physicians in the land, for life is sweet, and no one should carelessly throw it away. Their *fiat* is all the same."

"What is it?"

"Set thine house in order—you know the rest—and I have done it as far as I am able. Don't misjudge me after I am gone, my boy."

"Misjudge you! How can I ever do that?"

"You may. I do not say that you will, but it will not be for long—only a very little time. I could not resist the temptation of punishing the sordid spirit of—well, of someone—you will know who some day. You will forgive me if I cause you a little while of vexation. It will be all right afterwards."

"There will be nothing for me to forgive. I am sure," said Arthur, earnestly, wondering whether her words had any reference to Colonel Leslie's assertion, but her next sentence dispelled that idea.

"You will not pull the old place about too much, Arthur. You and Mabel will remember that I loved it, and keep my memory green in it, will you not?"

"If ever I am master here not a stone shall be touched."

"If! Of course you will be master here some day. You know that."

A little more conversation followed on other topics, and then the servant came to announce Mr. Montagu.

"Go and talk to him for a few minutes, and let me rest," Mrs. Dallas said. "He will tell you that what I have said is true. He knows."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"Why should I shadow your life with gloomy thoughts of death? I don't know that I should have told you now—and it is creeping very near—if you had not proposed to go away from me."

"I will not now, be sure of it. I will write to Mabel and tell her. Poor darling, she will be grieved to hear of it."

"I think she will. Go now and talk to Montagu for awhile, and send Pincher to me. She knows what to do for me."

Mr. Montagu confirmed the news that Arthur Dallas had just heard. He had known it some weeks, he said, but Mrs Dallas had strictly bound him to silence on the subject, and he had obeyed her perforce. An aggravated internal complaint, every symptom intensified by her persistent refusal to put herself under treatment, added to a latent heart disease, which had begun to develope itself of late, was killing her. A few months at most would be the span of her life, though she might drop off at any moment.

"I am glad I know it," Arthur said sadly. "The knowledge will make me more considerate of her."

"She has nothing to complain of on that score," the lawyer replied. "She loves you very dearly in spite of her cold manner sometimes."

"She has been all goodness to me."

"She has something in her head that I can't get at," Mr. Montagu said, after a few minutes' pause. "Has she told you anything of her intentions regarding any property?"

"Nothing special. She said just now I must not misjudge her. She wanted to punish somebody, but I could not comprehend what she meant. In the next breath she began to talk of Whiteladies and what she wished me to do here when she is gone."

"The very thing she said to me. 'Don't let Arthur think hardly of me,' were her words. I cannot understand her. But that I have taken her directions and managed all her business matters for her, I should fancy she has been disposing of property in some way unknown to us. She is leaving you some last instructions besides what she has put into her will."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Montagu produced a lawyer's envelope from his pocket and showed it to Arthur.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he said. "She placed this in my hands yesterday, but to-day she has begged me to bring it. She wants to make some alterations or additions, she says."

"What is it?"

"I hav'n't the least idea. I only know that she attaches great importance to it, and has made me promise to deliver it to you at the stipulated time. 'If you fail it will ruin my boy,' she said, so I won't fail. A month after her will is read I am to give you this packet."

Arthur Dallas took the letter and looked at it with no little curiosity. It was a small sized lawyer's envelope, with two or three folded papers inside.

"I am to have it back again to-morrow," the lawyer said, "unless she alters her mind and destroys it, which I don't fancy she will."

"I wonder what it can be," the young man said, "and why I am to wait a month for a sight of it."

It was directed to him in his aunt's own hand. "To my dear nephew, Arthur Dallas; to be delivered to him one calendar month from the date of the reading of my will."

"She hasn't hinted to me," Mr. Montagu replied, putting the document back into his pocket as the servant came to summon him to Mrs. Dallas's presence.

"You shall have it back to-morrow, Montagu," the old lady said, as she received the precious packet from his hands. "It is my boy's well being I am trusting to you, remember."

"It shall never go out of my keeping till it passes into his, madam," the lawyer said, firmly. "When shall I fetch it?"

"Oh, any time to-morrow. I shall not be out," she said, with something of sadness in her voice.

She went out very little now. She seemed to fade day by day with strange rapidity. Perhaps it was the knowledge of the fact of her illness that made those about her see it. Her nephew had been the last to be told, and he was astonished now at his own blindness in not having seen it before.

Mr. Montagu went his way, naming about three in the afternoon as the hour when he should come for the packet.

Mrs. Dallas seemed better and brighter that evening, and would not hear of any gloomy topics being discussed between her nephew and herself.

"It was better that you should know it, dear," she said, "and now you know there is no need for us to make a fuss about it. We will wait quietly for the summons, and be happy in the time that is left to us!"

The next morning Mrs. Pincher reported her mistress pretty well, and in good spirits, and presently Mrs. Dallas came down and went into her own snug little room.

"Leave me alone a little while," she requested. "I have a little writing to do."

"Don't overdo it," Arthur said, as he wheeled her table up, and surrounded her with cushions. "Leave all that sort of thing for Montagu. Remember, though you are so well and bright this morning, you hav'n't a giant's strength."

"I have enough for all I want. It is only a few lines. Have the window open, Arthur. I like to feel the fresh air, and to hear the birds. The world is very bright this morning. Let me see as much of it as I may."

He did her bidding, and put her bell within reach, and then strolled out through the window on to the terrace. He fell into a reverie and did not mark how time passed, so that he seemed to be out scarcely more than a minute before the youngest servant in the house—a *protegee* of his aunt's from a charity school, and the plague of Mrs. Pincher's life—came flying out of the house after him, shrieking at the top of her voice:

"Oh, please, sir, do come quick!"

"What is the matter?" he asked, catching hold of her.

"Missis, sir!"

"What of her? Is she worse?"

"She's dead, sir!"

Arthur saw from the girl's white, scared face that it was no false alarm, and ran back to the house with breathless speed, to find all the servants crowding into the room where he had left his aunt, and where Bellairs, going in for something, hearing no answer to his knock, had found her dead.

She lay back in her chair with a half-written note before her—reposing so peacefully that the butler thought she was asleep, and crossed the floor on tip-toe, fearing to disturb her. Something in the look of the face and the half open eyes startled him, and he went nearer to look, when to his horror he found she was dead. To call for help and send out for Arthur was the work of a moment, and messengers were sent out for medical help, which came only to be useless. The summons had been heard and answered, and she had stepped quietly through the portal or the other world, and laid down the burden of life and its cares for ever.

Nothing before her was disarranged. The paper and pens and ink were as her nephew had arranged them for her, save that the pen she had been using had gone off across the paper in a long trail, and then fallen to the floor. The note she was writing was an unimportant memorandum to one of her tradespeople, and there was no sign of any other letter or paper about.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANIMAL SUPERSTITION.—A San Francisco correspondent relates the following curious information concerning animal superstition: "Mules are much used here to carry goods over mountains impracticable for wheels. They are driven loose, often twenty in a lot. To prevent straying, a white horse with a bell is put in the lead. The herd accepts this lead; they listen for the bell, and never stray. But put a colored horse in his place, and he is not noticed. Put any kind of a fellow-mule there, and they treat him with contempt. This dogged superstition seems founded on some dogma to which all mules are wedded. If your team passes, on a dark night, a white horse at pasture, they snort, tremble and be off."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

There is considerable variety in the present fashions for short costumes and long trains, clinging skirts and bouffant paniers are all allowed and even encouraged. The short puffed paniers are taken from the charming Watteau styles, and are decidedly gaining in favor. Many of our elegantes are now seen with voluminous skirts, although they are more moderate than those of the Pompadour period. Large patterns have given way to smaller designs of minute checks and stripes. One of the prettiest combinations of materials is that of foulard and India muslin or organdie. For instance a charming toilette is composed of beige-colored muslin and foulard of the same color striped with blue.

The combination of materials is adhered to in short costumes as in long; plain fabrics being combined with smaller materials, striped, brocaded or embroidered. The dress itself is of the plain material, and the trimming or accessories may be of one of the others.

These trimmings include the waistcoat, or plastron, which forms the front of the dress from top to bottom, the cuffs, revers, and the bias which forms the outline of the pockets and edges the dress.

When properly arranged, these trimmings impart an elegant appearance to a dress of the simplest and most inexpensive material. As an example, a toilette of gray woollen fabric, with blue and white stripe matching it in texture, is extremely pretty.

A charming costume for a garden fete is of transparent India muslin in cream color; the short skirt is edged around with pleatings of the muslin edged with narrow lace. The long polonaise of white muslin is trimmed with a quilling of lace resembling marabout, bows of cream colored satin, bonnet of straw, with Jacqemenot roses.

I have made a series of visits to the various leading dressmakers to inquire concerning the novelties they are despatching to the seaside. Mr. Wanamaker is making up light woolen materials, especially in the way that I have so often described. Plaid woolens are made up with a pleated skirt, a turned-up tunic, simply hemmed; a pleated yoke bodice, with a waistband. Costumes of percale, in Indian cashmere, of dark colors, are also made by this firm for negligee toilettes, and for sunny days wheat or ecru colored cashmere, trimmed with gold embroidered Indienne. These lighter dresses are made in a totally different manner. Straight down the front of the dress there is a narrow band of ecru faille, having at each side a band of embroidery. The Indian cashmere skirt is draped in the window curtain fashion over a faille skirt of the same color, which is always pale yellow or wheat color. This style of draping recalls the Frondeuses costumes; at the side there is a large square pocket; the short train is looped up in three places, and the edge bordered with a double pleating; the bodice has a basque at the back, with a double embroidered band in front; the jabot is of lace.

When the costumes are self colored they are always of some neutral tint, such as carmelite, biscuit or dead leaf. The skirt is lightly draped over a silk petticoat, with bows of watered ribbon to match, and similar bows descend the skirt, sometimes in front and sometimes at the side; the bodice with its long basque, opens over a narrow waistcoat made with wide watered ribbon, and the buttons are generally gilt ones.

House jackets, called in Paris "vestes d'appartement," have become very fashionable for wearing as a negligee, and many new forms have appeared, notably two—the Sultane casaque and the Polignac casaque. The Sultane is made of thick Bronsa silk, with coral colored ground studded with flowers embroidered by hand. The back fits the figure, while the front takes the form of a sailor's blouse—I allude to those navy blue serge blouses worn by little boys, and confined around their waist with a leather band. With the Sultane there is no band; it stops at the waist, only from the hips fall two sash ends, which are knotted and descend to the centre of the skirt, after the fashion of Oriental costumes. The Polignac casaque is made of brocaded silk, and it opens in front over a chemisette of lace. It has long round basques turning back on the hips, with a double row of Bretonne lace; a cascade of lace also ornaments the front.

These matinees have taken the place of dressing gowns; the skirt is long, and may be plain or ruffled, and the long loose casaque is not only prettier, but more becoming and dressy.

They may be made of Nainsook with embroidered ruffles of muslin lined with pale pink, or blue, or maize, or mauve cambric or silk, and trimmed with lace. Cashmere of one of the same delicate shades is also popular and very effective when trimmed with Ragues lace.

"Louis XV. casaques," or "casaquins," as they are also termed, are much worn, and are made of various materials, but of the richest description. One of white watered silk was intended to be worn over white India muslin. Another of ribbed velvet beige on a pale pink ground. The shape of the old familiar redingote, open in front, will convey an idea of what the casaque is; which, as worn now, opens over a vest of an elaborate and rich contrasting material.

Their chief recommendation is that Fashion allows them to be worn over almost any kind of skirt which harmonizes well with it in color.

For autumn wear, plush is to be again fashionable as a trimming and for bonnets.

An effective short costume recently made was composed of Sevres blue barege, trimmed with old gold colored satin piping. The blue silk skirt was trimmed with alternate pleatings of silk and barege. A lavenue tunic of blue barege, with a piping of old gold color, is draped on the skirt. The corsage is of blue barege in pleats, with a belt of old gold satin; loops of satin ribbon in blue and old gold ornament the skirt, sleeves and bodice.

The mode of blouse or pleated waists has brought with it bands and buckles of every description. Leather belts are worn with morning and walking costumes, and are plain or embroidered in Oriental designs and colors; others are ornamented with gilt or silver. For more dressy toilettes the waistbands are of gros grain or satin, with buckles ornamented with crystals, colored stones, white and tinted mother-of-pearl, and jet, with gold or silver ornaments.

Shoes to match the toilette are made this season of linen and batiste, of the softest glove kid, and of faille and satin for dressy toilette; for ordinary wear and excursions they are of kid and chamois.

The variety of pretty and coquettish shoes and slippers is endless; there are shoes of snake skin with bows of ribbon; Charles IX. shoes of white embroidered kid; slippers of pale blue satin with bouquets of pale roses and moss green foliage embroidered in silk; Russian shoes of very fine kid for the beach; Peruvian shoes with five bars to wear with silk embroidered stockings, and many other kinds.

It seems probable that bonnets will shortly undergo alterations which will bring a complete change in our coiffures; the number of cabriolet bonnets which are now seen may be taken as a sign that large bonnets will speedily become fashionable; these cabriolet bonnets are plentifully trimmed with flowers and feathers, or rather plumes of feathers, and appear to be considered too eccentric for ordinary wear. As they are, therefore, still the exception rather than the rule, we shall give our readers descriptions of more practical models, which can be worn at all times and are very pretty and becoming.

A bonnet of white straw is trimmed with white feathers and lined with geranium-colored velvet; this model has white satin strings crossing the crown. A Charbonnier hat is trimmed with sultan velvet in a large Alsatian bow, with a bouquet of mixed roses at the side. A bonnet of white straw has a draping of otter-colored velvet with a gilded heron's plume. A bonnet of black chip and gold is entirely trimmed with red and dead gold currants.

Hats for the country are encircled with scarfs of Algerian and Moorish gauze, striped with gold, silver, silk and chenille in all colors.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Among the many familiar and savory dishes which belong to the breakfast table, there is none more acceptable than a good omelette; and while so many know how to make them, it must be confessed that there are but few who know how to make a good one.

The variety of omelettes is as goodly in number as in quality, for with a slight change it appears in the form of a delicious dessert; while with other changes it takes its place on the breakfast table in the most tempting form. A few suggestions to my readers will I hope prove acceptable.

In the first place the omelette pan should be made of Russian sheet-iron. When open, ready to receive an omelette, it is merely a flat circular pan, twelve inches in diameter, and one and a half inches deep, with straight sides, made in two sections, hinged upon the centre line, so that when folded it forms a semi-circular box three inches high. It has two handles upon the sides opposite the hinges, so that when folded they are brought near together. It can be made at any good tinman's shop.

1. *To Prepare an Omelette Soufflee.*—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light; add three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, salt and pepper, and lastly the whites of six eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Mix the whole lightly but thoroughly together. Then pour into the hot omelette pan, in which you have melted three ounces of butter, putting half the mixture in each division of the pan. Watch it, and when it begins to set at the sides run a sharp knife around it. Do not let it burn or stick to the pan, but loosen it occasionally with the flat blade of a knife, and, if necessary, add a little more butter, raising the edge to let it run under the omelette. When it is a little set, but not firm in the middle, double the pan together, having first made sure that it does not stick to the pan. Open the lid, leaving the omelette in the lower division of the pan, completely folded. Place a heated dish upside down over it, turn it on the dish, remove the pan, and serve instantly, for if it waits at all it is ruined. Care must be taken not to cook the omelette too much, as the eggs continue cooking after the folding is completed.

2. *Garniture for Omelettes.*—Ham or Tongue—Add to the above omelette a heaping tablespoonful of ham or tongue, finely minced, mixing it with the yolks, and finish as in No. 1.

3. Aux Fines Herbes—Add to a plain omelette, mixing with the yolks, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and one of young onions or eschalots.

4. Espagnole—Add to the yolks of a plain omelette a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the same of fine chopped onions which have been tossed in butter until colored a golden brown, three teaspoonfuls of finely chopped ham, and a very little finely chopped Chili peppers. Finish as in No. 1.

5. Aux Champignons—Make a plain omelette, and cook as in No. 1. Before closing it, lay upon one side the following garniture, then fold the omelette together and serve: Wash and slice thinly about ten small fresh mushrooms; put them in a stewpan with a large teaspoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice; simmer for a few minutes till tender; add a little flour mixed with a little butter, boil up once, place it in the omelette and serve.

6. Lobster or Shrimp—Chop 2 oz. of fresh lobster flesh finely; put four tablespoonfuls of Bechamel sauce in a stewpan, add a little essence of anchovy, pepper, salt, and very little nutmeg; stew for five minutes, add the yolk of an egg, and place between the omelette as in No. 5.

7. Aux Huitres—Blanche a dozen large oysters. Put a teaspoonful of butter into a pan, and when it melts add a teaspoonful of flour; then add a little of the oyster liquor and milk enough to make it as thick as cream. Boil up once, add the oysters, and when quite hot, but before boiling, stir in the yolk of an egg. Serve between the omelettes as in No. 5.

8. Omelette a la Mie de Pain—Put half a pint of bread-crumbs from a stale loaf, half a pint of cream, 1 oz. of butter, one tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful pepper, and a little nutmeg into a saucepan over the fire; stir it occasionally, and, when all the cream is absorbed stir into it the yolks and whites of three eggs beaten separately, very light. Put plenty of butter into an omelette pan, and cook as above.

9. Cheese Omelette—Mix with the yolks of a plain omelette (No. 1) two ounces of grated Gruyere or Parmesan cheese, and finish as in No. 1.

10. Omelette au Sucre—Make the omelette as in No. 1, omitting the pepper and salt, and adding to the yolks the grated peel of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Finish like No. 1, and serve with powdered sugar sifted over it. Any essence may be substituted for the lemon peel.

11. Omelette aux Confitures—Place upon one side of an omelette au sucre (No. 10) before folding it a layer of apricot, strawberry, peach, or cherry jam, or any other stiff and rather acid fruit jelly. Fold it together, and serve dusted with sugar.

12. Omelette au Rhum—Add to the beaten yolks of six eggs the juice and grated rind of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one and a half tablespoonfuls of rum. Then add the beaten whites of the eggs, and cook as in No. 1. Turn it, dust very plentifully with sugar, pour two glasses of rum or brandy round and over it, light it and serve at once. If it waits it is ruined.

I send to the "Fireside Chat" a recipe for a delicious soup, and one quite easily made:

Rice and Pea Soup.—Pick and wash in tepid water a couple ounces of rice. Put it to cook in a pint of white stock, when thoroughly done add another pint of stock or more, with a handful of young peas boiled in it. Stir into the soup, off the fire, half a gill of cream, with a yoke of egg strained and beaten up with it. Add white pepper and salt to taste if required.—*Down East.*

I send for publication in the "Fireside Chat" column a good recipe for cooking rump steak:

Beefsteak a la Parisienne.—Take a piece of rump steak about three quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the potato bat, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it until done; eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt and serve with a small quantity of finely minced parsley and a piece of butter mixed together, and placed over and under the steak. Garnish with fried potatoes.—*Good Cook.*

Will some of the contributors to the "Fireside Chat" please send a recipe for making corn-oyster and corn soup.—*Continental.*

NEW USE FOR LEMON VERBENA.—The well known fragrant garden favorite, the sweet scented or lemon verbena, seems to have other qualities to recommend it than those of the fragrance for which it is usually cultivated. In Spain it is regarded as a fine stomachic and cordial. It is used either in the form of a cold decoction sweetened, or five or six leaves are put into a teacup and hot tea poured over them. It is said that the flavor of the tea thus prepared is delicious, and that any one who has ever used it in this way, will never again drink his tea without a sprig of lemon verbena. And it is further stated that if the herb is used as has been described, one need "never be made nervous or old maidish, never have cholera, diarrhœa or loss of appetite."

EARTH AND ANIMALS.—It has been observed that all grazing animals eat a great quantity of earth. Earth seems comfortable to their insides, and it is certain that they enjoy it. One writer says: "I used to ride a horse which, being regularly fed on hay and corn and not turned out to grass, pined for a little dirt. Finding out this, I sometimes let him go to a hedge bank, slackened the rein and watched him scoop out with his tongue earth enough to fill a pint pot. This, I think, is the reason why a horse so often stirs up the mud in a pond with his hoof before he drinks. Many horses will paw the water in passing a clear stream, giving their riders a fear that the animals want to lie down in the water.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

S. J. L., (Phila., Pa.)—The family name of Queen Victoria is Guelph.

C., (Butler, Mo.)—We do not undertake to work out arithmetical problems.

HOUSEHOLDER, (Franklin, Mass.)—Varnish will answer your purpose. Any painter will tell you how to use it.

G. L., (St. Francois, Mo.)—You can find a sketch of Cardinal Richelieu in any good cyclopædia or biographical dictionary.

ROSA, (Gove, Kans.)—Married persons who are judicially separated from each other, and not divorced, cannot marry again.

SUBSCRIBER, (Phila., Pa.)—See answer to "Subscriber, Columbia, Va.," in last week's POST for recipe for ink or blacking for leather.

KATE, (Mahoning, Ohio.)—A lady cannot properly be called an "old maid" when thirty-one. Ladies' hair very seldom turn gray at so early an age.

P. F. E., (Johnson, Tenn.)—The redness of nose you complain of, arises, doubtless from indigestion. You had better consult a medical man on the subject.

DARKIE, (Fountain, Ind.)—Unless he has made you a formal proposal of marriage and you have accepted him, you cannot consider yourself engaged to him.

CONSTANCE, (Perry, Ky.)—In the case of your son who has been jilted in so cruel a manner, the best advice we can give is to treat her with silent contempt.

RUBY, (Otsego, N. Y.)—A young lady of sixteen or seventeen may marry a man ten years older than herself without any objection on the score of disparity of age.

G. B., (Washington, Miss.)—The only answer we can give you is to apply elsewhere. It is customary when writing to a publisher, and you request an answer by mail, to enclose stamps for the purpose.

TWENTY, (Jackson, Miss.)—As a rule, the wife should be younger than the husband; but if you really and sincerely love a lady two years older than yourself, you would not let that be a barrier to your happiness.

H., (Nashville, Tenn.)—A very thick paper is manufactured for scrap books. You can procure it at any wholesale stationer's. But why not purchase a scrap-book ready bound? These are cheap enough.

F. P., (Springfield, Mass.)—The bayonet was first used by the French soldiery. It takes its name from the city of Bayonne, in which it was invented, some time during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

DOMINO, (Litchfield, Conn.)—When young men cannot keep their tempers under defeat, they should not indulge in games. It shows an undisciplined mind, when a person gets angry on being beaten in any social game.

READER, (Augusta, Me.)—Your State was so called from the province of Maine, in France, in compliment to Queen Henrietta, of England, who, it has been said, owned that province. This is the commonly received opinion.

J. A., (Hale, Ala.)—A young lady who can keep her engagement of marriage from her mother, need not ask our advice about dismissing this lover for a new one. That such a thought is even entertained, proves the young lady is incapable of loving anybody.

ALFONSO, (Stafford, Va.)—A melody, like a discourse, is made up of periods; a period is divided into phrases; a phrase into two parts. Each period has its conclusion or complete stop, which is called a cadence, answering to a full stop in punctuation.

C. E. J., (Middleton, Tenn.)—The selections you sent are neither very metrical, nor do they evince a high order of talent. They show enough, however, to induce us to advise you, if you only write for pastime, to continue, as with longer practice you may no doubt produce something commendable.

J. H. T., (Quitman, Ga.)—"Manes" was the name applied by the ancients to the soul when separated from the body. The manes were reckoned among the infernal deities, and were generally supposed to preside over the burial places of the dead. They were solemnly worshipped by the Romans.

WILDE, (Camden, O.)—Quassia is made from a plant of Jamaica, and is much used as a tonic and tonic and a fever remedy. It can be procured in almost any form—chips, cups, etc., as a well supplied drug-store. It is not a poison, but you should use it only on the advice of a physician. We do not know whether the concern you name is, or is not, a swindle, but the safest plan would be to have nothing to do with it.

M. Y., (Laramie, Wyo.)—You should consult your family and friends, who know to what extent your partial loss of sight affects your efficiency, as to the best thing for you to do. A stranger, who knows nothing of your condition, training, experience, means, capacity, or opportunities, will not undertake to advise you in matters on which your future temporal welfare will depend.

HASTINGS, (Marquette, Mich.)—You are in a dilemma about some remarks made by your brother's "intended," which seem to you very shocking. Young girls often say things without reflection, and then persist in them from a spirit of opposition. We think that such must have been the case with this young lady. You had better give it no more weight than this, especially as she is not faulty in other respects.

MOTHER, (Racine, Wis.)—Every child should be taught, in the beginning of life, to put its dependence upon itself, upon society, and upon natural laws; but above all, it should be taught to put confidence and trust in Providence. You cannot make homely children beautiful; but you can teach them to be good, and kind, and dutiful; and these all tend to increase and strengthen the family affections and delights of home.

WAYNE, (New York, N. Y.)—If the bill of exchange be really a forgery, you should not pay it. The person who holds it is evidently trying to frighten you; even if it is not merely a question of recognition of signature. You, of course, know whether you ever gave such a bill or not, and whether you ever had the alleged transactions in which it is claimed the bill was given. Let the holder of the note sue you, if he wants to, and then go into court and beat him.

AMATEUR, (Shenandoah, Pa.)—Connoisseurs generally think little of Welsh national music. It is said to be poor, and plagiarized to a large extent from other sources. The Welsh are not an imaginative race. Hardy, shrewd, and practical, they are not the people to give rise to such a musical repertoire as that achieved by the Irish, English and Scotch. Moreover, the mountaineers of Scotland have supplied little of the national music of their country; the larger and better part found expression in the Lowlands.

G. C., (Phila., Pa.)—To become a clergyman in England, you must enter a college at one of the Universities, previously passing an examination in the classics and mathematics. You will have to go through a regular course of classical, mathematical, and theological studies, and pass two severe examinations therein, in order to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) This would occupy three or four years. A person might possibly manage to live at the University for five hundred dollars a year; but he would be terribly pinched. One thousand is the least a person should have. Twenty-three is the age at which the ordination as a clergyman may take place.

DISPUTE, (Phila., Pa.)—Of the structures, ancient and modern, extant, those which rank first in height are Cologne Cathedral, 511 (upward of half the height built); Washington Monument, 555 feet, marked plan (original plan 600 feet at time of resuming work 154 feet); Pyramid of Cheops, Egypt, 450 feet; Strasbourg Cathedral, 474 feet; St. Peter's Sicilian Basilica, Rome, 450 feet; St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, 445 feet; Salisbury Cathedral, England, 400 feet; Antwerp Cathedral, 400 feet; St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 404 feet; Milan Cathedral, 360 feet; Capitol of the United States, 372 1-2 feet from base line of the building to the apex of the statue of Freedom.

WILFUL HARRY, (Phila., Pa.)—You have engaged yourself to a young lady whom you find you do not love, although she loves you. Shall you marry her, knowing this, or act dishonorably by breaking your engagement, or purposely insult her, so that she will break it herself, in which case you think she will not suffer so much? We are astonished that a man can coolly sit down and contemplate such a contemptible proposal as this last. Think of it. Insult a woman who loves you, to get rid of her? Could anything be meaner? If you have a spark of manhood—which we doubt!—tell her honestly that you do not love her; she will be well rid of you, and lucky enough to have escaped the projected marriage.

W. F., (Indiana, Pa.)—A letter to an editor, be it ever so well written, strange as it may appear, furnishes no proof of the ability of the writer. We have known hundreds of most agreeable and cheerful correspondents who could not, to save their lives, produce a readable sketch or essay, though all have attempted, presuming upon their talent as letter-writers. Good, aye, brilliant conversationalists cannot always write brilliantly, or even readably. It being in many instances next to impossible to embody on paper the effervescence of a conversation which, when analyzed, constitutes its fascination. Exquisite metaphor, refined witticisms, satirical repartee, seem to flow easily from some lips as the most stupid common-places from others; and yet these fluent talkers are not as likely to become pleasant and popular writers as those less gifted conversationally.

J. KILLGORE, (Baltimore, Md.)—The men of every generation have had their laugh at the fashions of the ladies; but the ladies have had their opportunities of triumph in return. If the ladies once bore horned head-dresses that made them look like human cows, did not the men till very lately wear huge periwigs and long tails, or queues, that made them look like lions? If the women, with their hoops, farthingales, or crinolines, have occupied a space in the world disproportioned to their real size, have not the men, with their wigs and queues, and enormous trousers stuffed out like mammoth bolsters with horsehair and cotton, and doublets, puckered and distended, looked four times their natural size, and scarcely like human beings? In Henry the Eighth's reign, a scaffold was erected round the Parliament house for the accommodation of such members as carried the fashion of magnitude in dress to an extreme. Even in point of cost, the dresses of the gentlemen have often been more extravagant than those of the fairer sex.

STUDENT, (Phila., Pa.)—Aristotle was the most elaborate of the Grecian philosophers. He was a pupil of Plato, and was, by Philip, appointed tutor of Alexander the Great; and after his pupil went on the Persian wars Aristotle taught philosophy in the Lyceum of Athens, with great renown, for thirteen years. But, on the death of Alexander, the priesthood—the gods of whose interest he did not teach, but only the existence of one God—ruling many charges against him, and fearing the fate of Socrates, he withdrew from Athens; and in 322 B. C. he died in his sixty-third year. He was the author of four hundred treatises, which he left to Theophrastus, his successor, with an injunction not to publish them. At his death they became the property of his heir, and afterwards fell into illiterate hands, at Scepsus, when they were put in a cellar, where they remained one hundred and fifty years till they nearly perished. They were then removed to Athens, and in 86 sent by Sylla to Rome. From the remains of these, so many of his works as are known to the moderns, have come.